Saturday Review

UNE 23, 1956 / 20¢

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE AMERICAN MOVIE

By Hollis Alpert

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAY

00 Suggestions
or Summer Reading

HOW IS THE TIME . . .

Campaign and Cartoon
Books for November

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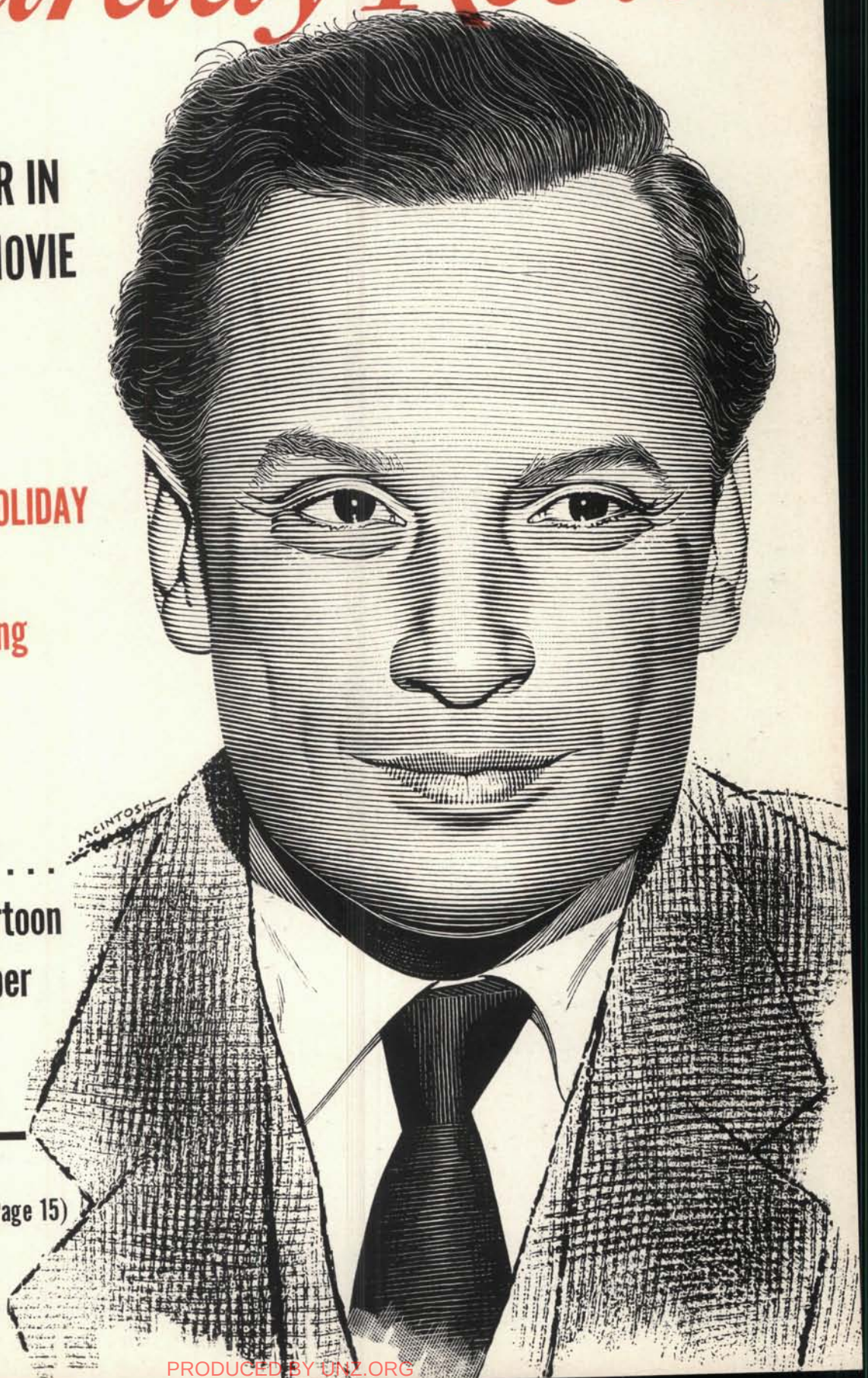
he House at Adampur." (Page 15)



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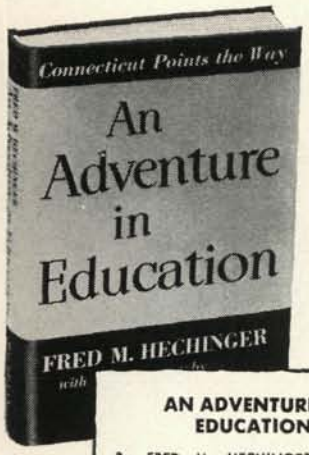

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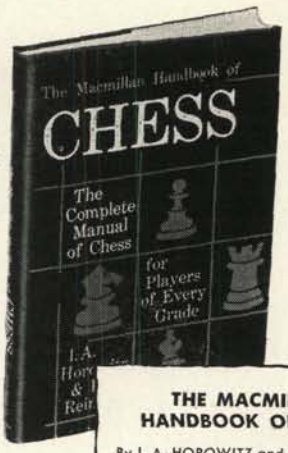

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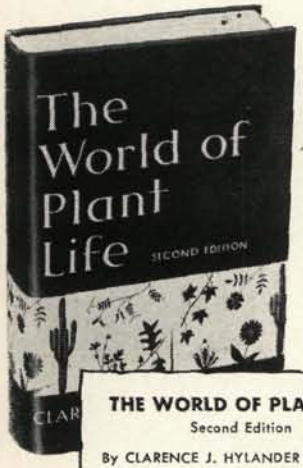

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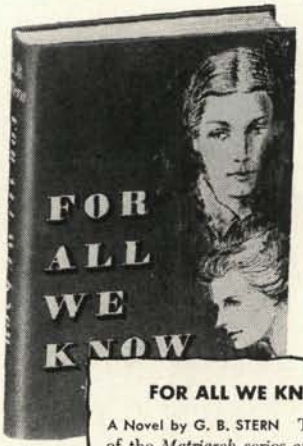

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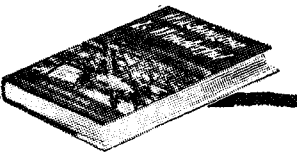

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The Saturday Review

JUNE 23, 1956

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TRADE Winds

EVIDENCE THAT THE FUNDAMENTALS of book advertising have changed little in the past six decades has just been unearthed in the files of the J. B. Lippincott Company in Philadelphia.

Most of the distinguished firm's records were destroyed in a disastrous fire in 1889, but this letter, written in longhand by Walter Lippincott to his new advertising manager on December 21, 1887 (when the typewriter had not yet come into general office use), has been preserved in all its pristine

purity—and framed and hung on the wall of the advertising department today:

My dear Mr. Coleman:

Since you have taken hold of the advertising, I would make the following suggestions, or remarks, which may be of some service to you, although doubtless in a general way you may have the same ideas.

Do not suppose *all* advertising pays: much is wasted money.

Do not follow the example of others, as the judgment of many is not as good as your own. Try some experiments and watch results.

Advertising alone will not make a book sell if it is not wanted by the public.

I made it a rule to give each book, according to the class to which it appealed, a fair announcement, and then if *its success warranted it* I pushed it further. But time and again when I tried to *force* a book by advertising I found it a dead loss. Books are not like necessary articles or patent medicines by any means.

I think it a good plan to keep our *standard works of reference* before the public in a quiet way.

(SIGNED) Walter Lippincott.

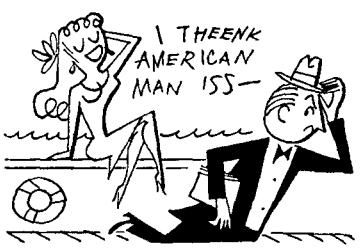
A UNIQUE FEATURE of the Point Loma section of San Diego is a series of streets named for literary folk. They run all the way from A through Z and then halfway round again.

Don Freeman, TV editor of *The San Diego Union* and a sure-bet for a nationally syndicated column before long, tramped all the way through Point Loma (it's a fine residential section) and listed the streets in accordance with my request: Addison, Byron, Carleton, Dickens, Emerson, Fenelon, Garrison, Hugo, Ingelow, Jarvis, Keats, Lowell, Macaulay, Newell, Oliphant, Poe, Quimby, Russell, Sterne, Tennyson, Udall, Voltaire, Whittier, Xenophon, Yonge, and Zola. Then, beginning over again, come Alcott, Browning, Curtis, Dumas, Elliott, Freeman, Goldsmith, Homer, Ibsen, James, Kingsley, and Lytton—and *that's all, to date anyhow.* Mention of Quimby Street brings to mind a picture of Carol Quimbaum, the most ravishing songbird who ever warbled an aria in the old Centaur Book Shop in Philadelphia. I hope time has dealt gently with her!

DON FREEMAN, INCIDENTALLY, has compiled for *The Quill* a list of newspaper stories which, understandably, he never finished reading. Included:

"Miss Gina Mammary, curvaceous Italian movie star, arrived from Rome aboard the S. S. *United States* yesterday and as she posed for pictures found time to give her opinion of American men. She said. . . .

"The thud of shoe leather against pigskin rang out yesterday as the Singlewing squad began its first grid drills of the season. Reminded of Singlewing's 138 consecutive victories extending back to 1938, coach Biff



Brawn, asked to comment on this year's prospects, said glumly. . . .

"It was reliably reported yesterday that Zsa Zsa Gabor. . . .

"Traffic was halted for ten minutes at the city's busiest intersection yesterday as a mother cat lifted her seven kittens and carried them, one by one. . . .

"Just after being elected president of the Elmville Drive Safely Committee Homer L. Wheel, thirty-six, was driving along Main Street when suddenly. . . .

"It was reliably reported yesterday that Rita Hayworth. . . .

"Seven years ago when the L. G. Mundane family moved from Grim-

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water, Kan., to Los Angeles they left their four-year-old collie, named Spot, with Grimwater cronies. Yesterday, to their amazement, they heard a scratching on their door in L.A., and in walked. . . .

"A glittering array of Hollywood's most popular stars appeared at last night's world premiere. Adding a touch of glamour to the proceedings, Liberace wore. . . ."

I PRESUME THAT DON FREEMAN'S LIST was compiled before Prince Rainier and his bride's wedding attendants began to give out interviews! . . . . John B. Kaiser, of the Newark Public Library, incidentally, noted my paragraph referring to the portraits of Grace Kelly, Jane Addams, Amelia Earhart, and Carrie Chapman Catt on postage stamps, and added the names of four other American ladies similarly hon-

ored: Queen Liliuokalani on Hawaiian stamps; nurse Clara Louise Maass (on a Cuban stamp in 1951); Matilda Newport (on Liberian stamps in 1947), and Eleanor Roosevelt on two stamps of Salvador in 1948.

ROBERT WISTRAND, OF SANTA FE, N. M., submits this anguished limerick:

From us who are always undone,
This cry, "Must it be with a pun?"
As the child said, "Ma, newer
Type jokes make me bluer."
We're Cerfeited, sir—but it's fun!

Well. . . . D. M. W. tells about the Sierra Madre art enthusiast who broke her engagement because she found that although her beloved had the head of Michelangelo and the talented hands of da Vinci he also had feet of Klee. . . . Asked by Jim Johnston, of Cass Lake, Minn., to name his favorite sport a counterfeiter answered modestly, "I do rather well playing with the bad mintin' racket." . . . Ed Echols, of the University of Alabama, tells of a space traveler to Mars who came across a new-born babe that was six feet long. "Rather a monster, isn't it?" inquired the traveler. "On the contrary," snapped the indignant mother. "He's not long for this world." . . . A very smartly attired panhandler tried to pry Eddie Cantor loose from a ten-dollar bill at a broadcasting studio. "Not to you, you mountebank," objected Eddie. "You look prosperous enough to take a de luxe tour of the West Indies." "Alas, no," mourned the panhandler. "Beggars cannot be cruisers."

MACMILLAN FOUND a large and opulent ready-made market waiting to gobble up first-edition copies of Cornelia Meigs's "History of Bryn Mawr College." From the same publisher—and on the same day—came G. B. Stern's "For All We Know," a novel about a family of the brilliant eccentrics Miss Stern can dissect so wittily. . . . Coming from Indiana University Press: a unique collection of Mormon legends, myths, and songs, from the discovery of the Golden Plates of the Book of Mormon to the arrival of the Saints in the Great Salt Lake valley. The authors: Austin and Alta Fife. The title: "Saints of Sage and Saddle."

The Putnam publicity department has done an effective job of tub-thumping for Bill Du Bois's fine novel "A Season to Beware" (it's about a book editor), but paused briefly when a letter arrived from a lady in Ethel, Missouri, which read "We have a shrew and don't know what to do with it. We were told you would be interested. How much will you pay and how do we get the shrew to you?" Paul Eriksson answered politely, "We appreciate your offer but are sorry we must tell you that, for a company of our size, we have more shrews at the moment than we know what to do with. In fact, we have been trying to unload a few of them. We suggest, however, that you write directly to our Southern representative, Mr. Raymond T. Bryce, not only a shrewd fellow if ever there was one, but just the man to tell you what to do with that shrew of yours. Be sure to describe in full details, by the way, the condition of your Sorex Palustris—if that's what it is. It may well be you have a rare, soft-covered edition of Blarina brevicauda—but of course it would have to be inspected closely by an expert to be determined."

The things people in the publishing world have to know about!

—Bennett Cerf.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1160)

A. PIPPETT:
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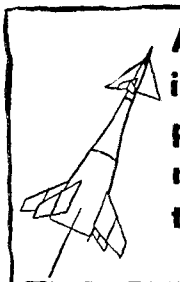
She was more herself as Virginia Woolf than she had been as Virginia Stephen. Her marriage was a vindication of all that was wise and sound in the old values, and an opportunity for a further vigorous development of her gifts as artist, thinker, woman.



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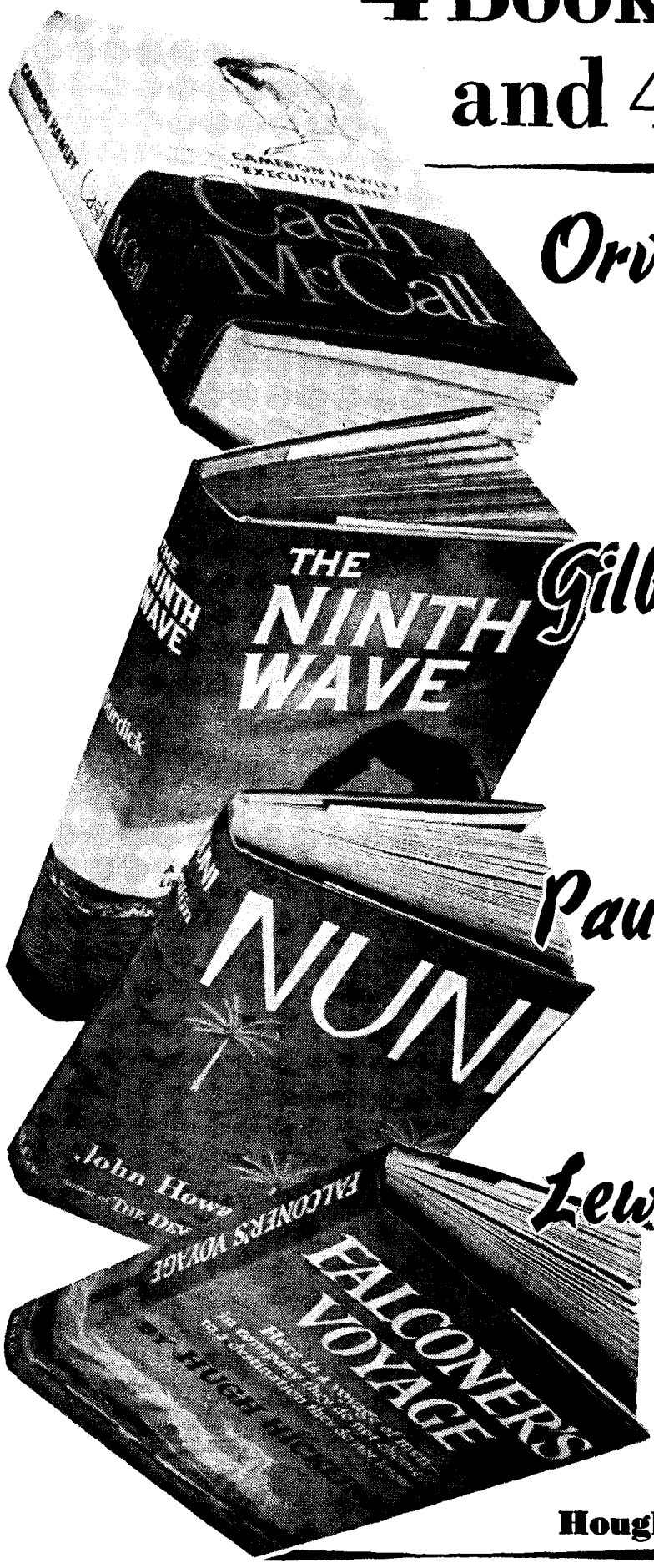
4 Books, 4 Critics, and 40 Words



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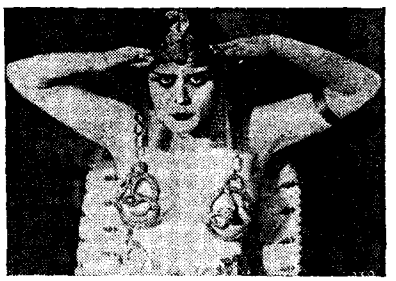
The Saturday Review
JUNE 23, 1956

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE AMERICAN MOVIE

From the Age of the Siren (Theda Bara, left) to the Age of the All-American Girl (Debra Paget, right) Hollywood's principal way of expressing Sex has been to strip a pretty girl down to her briefs and let her wander around in a movie—even if there's no place for her in the story. Whether this is as sexy a strategy as it's cracked up to be, and whether it isn't excessively costly in terms of plot, is discussed in this article by Hollis Alpert, *SR*'s movie critic and anthropologist of Beverly Hills.



—Culver.

By HOLLIS ALPERT

AT FOURTEEN or so boys and girls begin to find each other mysteriously attractive. Almost as soon as it is perceptible this attraction becomes irresistible, leading to an infinite variety of activity (from which scenarios can be carved). There are love-affairs, magical and tragic and businesslike. There are marriages, fiery and feeble. There are triangles. There are illnesses and perversions. There are long conjugal wars that leave decades in desolation. There are children, wanted and unwanted. Whatever form it takes, the sexual nature of man is the central force of plot and story and history and art, the reason and root of Society. No art form—movies least of all—can be artistically successful until it has learned to treat of sex with candor and energy.

Formally, at least, Hollywood has been most of our lifetimes content to stay firmly in the rear of any position taken by a slick magazine like, say, the *Ladies' Home Journal*. In "Movies and Self-Regulation," a booklet published by the Motion Picture Association of America, we read: "Widely read and reputable magazines carry reports of social behavior that is greatly at variance with previously accepted standards. These articles are now part of the everyday reading habits of millions. It must be said as emphatically as possible that the U.S. motion-picture industry has strongly resisted the trend to break down accepted standards. We are not at the head of this parade, nor indeed in the middle of it. We are, in fact, far behind and are proud of it."

This statement, although made late in 1955, may now be old hat. The MPAA has set up a committee of studio production heads to consider changes in the hitherto powerful industry Production Code. And it was recently announced that Geoffrey Shurlock, the current Code administrator, had promulgated a new concept for judging people who do not behave in movies according to "accepted moral standards." This kind of behavior was never really forbidden in our movies, but it was severely punished. Women, in particular, got the works if they strayed from the straight and narrow (as they frequently do in movies). They lost all chance for a normal family life or became outcasts from society or died. Men sometimes received retribution, too, though the familiar double standard occasionally served to protect them. But according to the new Shurlock concept it is enough punishment for sinners to suffer remorse.

An example of a woman suffering remorse is to be found in the recent M-G-M movie "Gaby." The girl (Leslie Caron) becomes sexually

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soiled in this film after she assumes her fiancé was killed in the Normandy invasion. She had refused to sleep with him before their marriage but after the false news of his death despairingly comforts a number of lonely soldiers. In an older version of the same story the girl committed suicide. This time she marries the soldier, but only after suffering a good deal of remorse. However, according to statistics on the nation's sex behavior it seems likely that many Americans behave "sinfully"—sin is a synonym for extramarital sex in the Production Code—without necessarily suffering pangs of remorse. Perhaps some do, perhaps some don't—but remorse doesn't seem to be any necessary consequence of such behavior. Thus, the Shurlock concept only substitutes one taboo for another; it doesn't make for much more in the way of realism; it merely allows more room for plot variation.

It hasn't been completely proven, of course, that the motion-picture audience wants love portrayed with psychological validity and sensitivity. A good many producers obviously feel that it instead prefers the vague aura of sin, the suggestiveness and the "sexiness" usually found in American movies. Even when adaptations of literary works of high standing are made any "frankness" is often watered down or eliminated, the plot lines redirected to conform with narrower moral concepts. It may well be that any deviation from the fantasy ideas of love provided by Hollywood for several generations would disturb our conditioned audience. The process of "licking" a good play or novel still goes on today, but screenwriters and directors have become exceedingly adroit. There are ways of allowing implications to remain, just so the actual fact does not meet the eye.

Thus, in "Summertime" it is assumed that the more knowledgeable will realize that Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi are having an affair, and that this affair develops even though Miss Hepburn knows her Italian lover has a wife and several children. The fact isn't explicitly stated. In the film version of "Picnic," similarly, one may assume that William Holden has made love to Kim Novak, a girl engaged to his old college chum. The dialogue delicately hints that such is the case, but again there is no explicit statement. It can be argued that such a method of handling daring story content can result in greater delicacy of treatment, and be in better taste. But it is also possible to argue that such tricks, or double-sex image (one meaning for the mature, another for the immature) represent a fundamental dishonesty of approach. A good many of Hollywood's more conscientious craftsmen are well aware of the double-talk they must sometimes engage in. Said one of them: "I suppose a screenwriter subconsciously adds a special protective layer to his mental and artistic soul when he undertakes the writing of films like 'Picnic' and 'From Here to Eternity'."

Such a protective layer was obviously present when in the film "From Here to Eternity" a Honolulu brothel was called the New Congress Club and was converted into a place where soldiers could dance with hostesses and could even hire an upstairs room for private conversations. Only the most naive would have assumed that soldiers used their hard-earned pay to rent a room for a chat with a strange girl. But despite this odd distortion of reality the movie was a strong one, because the screenwriter, Daniel Taradash, obviously did all he could to keep the basic story from being mutilated by taboos. All the same, overlooked was the damage this one euphemism might have done to the esthetic integrity of the picture. The New Congress Club resembled no social or sexual institution known to man since Adam (certainly nothing an enlisted man could have found in Honolulu) and inexcusably injected one small, sour note into a powerful and realistic movie. Bad movies are not only made but born when they must conform in this way to conventions irrelevant to their own values.

SEVERAL movies have appeared in recent years in which love is treated with what might be termed circumspect realism. George Stevens handled "A Place in the Sun" with a rare combination of frankness and taste. He managed to show differing aspects of sexual attraction. There was George Eastman's affair, on the physical level, with the drab girl played by Shelley Winters. In the midst of this affair Eastman really "falls" for the dazzling, rich, spoiled girl played by Elizabeth Taylor. The movie was continually convincing and moving. It was a heightening of life, but it seemed based upon valid emotional

(*Continued on page* 38)

I Dreamed That in a City Dark as Paris

By Louis Simpson

I DREAMED that in a city dark as Paris
I stood alone in a deserted square.
The night was trembling with a violet
Expectancy. At the far edge it moved
And rumbled; on that flickering horizon
The guns were pumping color in the sky.

There was the Front. But I was lonely here,
Left behind, abandoned by the army.
The empty city and the empty square
Was my inhabitation, my unrest.
The helmet with its vestige of a crest,
The rifle in my hands, long out of date,
The belt I wore, the trailing overcoat
And hobnail boots, were those of a *poilu.*
I was the man, as awkward as a bear.

Over the rooftops where cathedrals loomed
In speaking majesty, two aeroplanes
Forlorn as birds, appeared. Then growing large,
The German *Tauber* and the *Nieuport Scout,*
They chased each other tumbling through the sky,
Till one streamed down on fire to the earth.

These wars have been so great, they are forgotten
Like the Egyptian dynasts. My confrere
In whose thick boots I stood, were you amazed
To wander through my brain four decades later
As I have wandered in a dream through yours?

The violence of waking life disrupts
The order of our death. Strange dreams occur,
For dreams are licensed as they never were.

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

How to See a Satellite

SEEING a satellite in flight will not be an experience restricted to trained observers. Anyone with patience and sharp vision or optical aids will be able to glimpse the orbiting vehicle. We can expect that when it is announced that the first satellite is flying children's telescopes will be hastily dusted off for use, and opera glasses that have never seen an opera will be quickly rescued from attics all over the world. Charts and graphs describing the probable orbit of the satellite will be studied avidly, and the world will have a corps of ground observers operating that will be the envy of even the most conscientious civil defense organization.

What most of us want to know is the best time for viewing a satellite, and what type of optical aid would give us the best results for the least money. . . . Probably the best compromise, if a single stock instrument is to be used, is the Navy shipboard binocular, which is a standard 7 x 50 binocular with a field of seven degrees.

Viewing conditions are best when the satellite, while reflecting the Sun's light, is passing directly overhead in a darkened sky. This is the time just before sunrise or just after sunset. A team of observers would be needed to cover the region of the sky through which the satellite is to pass. . . . The optimum viewing time is limited to about forty-five minutes for a 200-mile satellite. . . . There probably will be several stars in the field of view of about the same brightness, and possibly some that are brighter. The presence of these stars will provide helpful reference points that are practically stationary, and that will aid in keeping the observer's eyes in proper focus.

—From "Satellite: The First Step Into the Last Frontier," by Erik Rolf Bergaust and William Stern Beller (to be published Aug. 13 by Hanover House).

Howling Arctic

WE CLIMBED out of the plane and stood quietly for a few minutes, trying to adjust from the tense drama of our landing to the misty silent world around us. We were enveloped in deepest winter. Soft snow was falling, making no sound as it blended into the soft snow underfoot. About a mile away was Pond Inlet, a row of white frame houses, green-trimmed and red-roofed, and a smaller line of white tents to one side. Bylot Island towered across frozen Eclipse Sound, immensely bigger than we had expected, with wide, seamed glaciers leading back into the grim, frowning mountains. The white world lay in utter stillness, as if it had just been created.

Then in the distance began a strange, high, musical howling. At first there was one voice alone, rising and falling, the very soul of loneliness. Others joined until there must have been 100 voices interweaving in a wailing, eerie harmony. Dogs, we supposed—but not like any dogs we had ever heard. They sounded like the dead souls of dogs. At the edge of Pond Inlet something dark was moving on the snow. Slowly we began to distinguish outlines of peaked hoods, dozens of them.

The moonlight scenery, the weird howling of dog spirits, the little white-hooded figures approaching us slowly across the snow did not belong in any real world. We had been whisked without ceremony into the middle of an ancient legend.

From "Spring on an Arctic Island," by Katherine Scherman (to be published August 2 by Little, Brown).

Space-Maker Par Excellence

WHAT a person knows serves him, we might say, as a lens through which to look at this world and see beyond its surface appearances. Knowledge turns the opaque into the translucent or transparent, and gives

—From "Art Fakes & Forgeries" (Philosophical Library).

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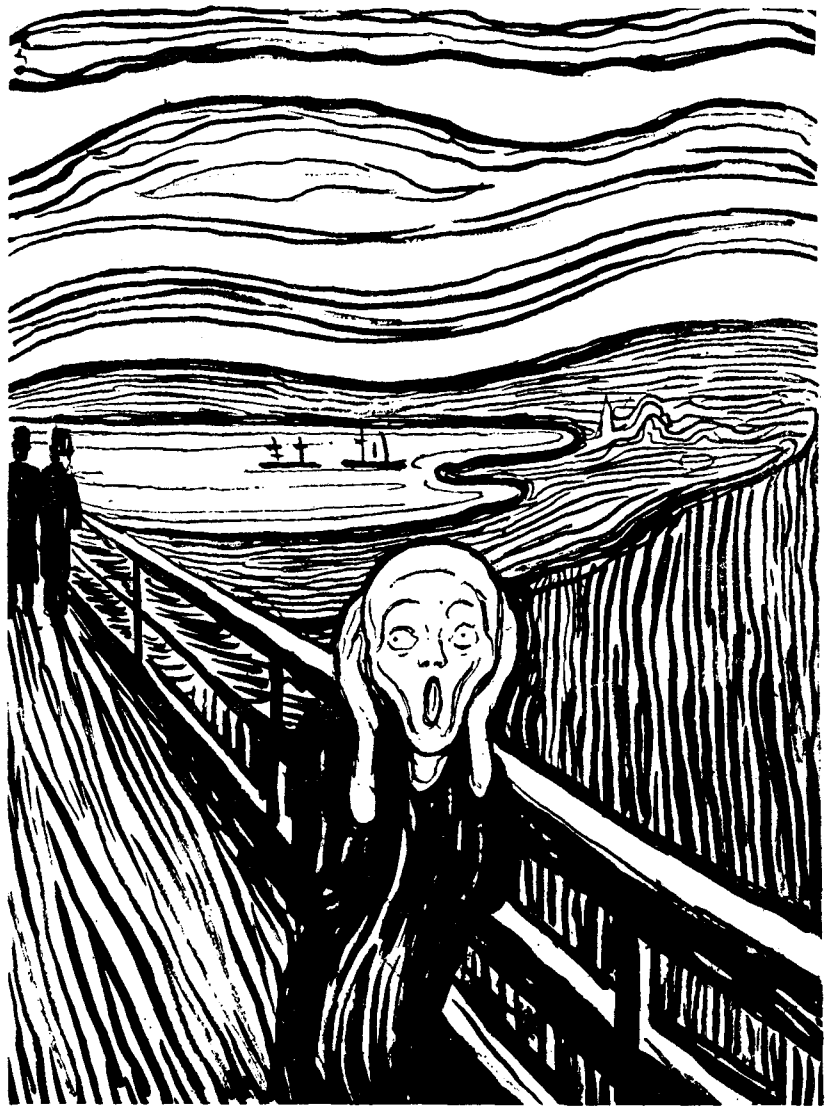

—*From "A Treasury of Great Prints" (Thomas Yoseloff, Inc.).*

"The Cry," by Edvard Munch.

the individual new materials for his response to life. To be sure, it does not automatically do this; for he may carry within himself emotional resistances to what he learns. Or he may be using his knowledge as a compensation for failure in areas of human relationship, and may make it a wall between himself and his world, rather than a lens through which to see more deeply into the subtleties of life. Yet because knowledge does, in general, give new dimensions to our consciousness it is one of the greatest of space-makers.

—From "The Mind Goes Forth: The Drama of Understanding," by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (to be published July 16 by Norton).

Fragile Commodity

ONE reason for the high value of humor is its fragility. It does not travel well from one part of the world to another and it does not keep well in any one climate for a very long time.

I have a large collection of books by the classic humorists and also a plentiful number of books containing collections of humor of particular periods in our national history. I regret to say that most of the books aren't very funny today. Even when you're spading up such rich earth as one of the old Abe Martin Almanacs you'll consider yourself lucky if you find ten jokes worth repeating. I am particularly fond of Artemus Ward, but even the old redhead has to be gone over with a magnifying glass before you come up with a flash of wit that seems truly timeless. Will Rogers was a great humorist, but if you read one of his newspaper columns or listen to one of his radio monologues at this late date it's a somewhat disillusioning experience.

—From "The Funny Men," by Steve Allen (Simon & Schuster)

Fresh New World

CONSIDERING my words carefully I will say that no sight anywhere in our world can give you such a feeling of being removed from your usual surroundings, and nothing can appear fresher and newer to a too-sophisticated eye (as the underwater world). Not the mountains or the sea, not the desert or the ice, not any terrestrial space or the heavens themselves can provide such a dreamlike spectacle. And I hardly think that even another planet can show us anything as strange to our own world as those underwater swimmers, moving with a dreamlike quality below the surface of the sea, flying over green depths, gliding over the face of steep precipices and always leaving silver clouds behind them, bouquets of living flowers expanding as they rise, dancing and turning and finally bursting into spray on the surface.

—From "Man and the Underwater World," by Pierre de Latil and Jean Rivoire (translated by Edward Fitzgerald G. P. Putnam's Sons)

God's Africa

IT WAS the childhood she'd never really had, lived among treetops as children dream of living, with an elegant small monkey as companion and bright green crickets for him to eat. It was the time of her most perfect purity and innocence with everything coming to her through her feelings, including her awareness of God. He was the restle of lizards in her thatched roof, the scent of mimosa through the window screens, and the slap of banana leaves when the wind blew.

He gave her signs of Himself each day in grace notes and when darkness fell, He gave her the sonorous symphony of His African night in great roars and rumbles of creation and extinction which made each Old Testament prophecy come true.—*From "The Nun's Story," by Kathryn Hulme (to be published September 6 by Little, Brown).*

Life on the Way

THERE is an old Spanish proverb which reads: "The road is always better than the Inn."

A person who can enjoy the road and not have his mind concentrated entirely upon the "Inn," or goal, is really enjoying mental health.

—From "The Democratic Man: Selected Writings of Eduard C. Lindeman," edited by Robert Gessner (Beacon Press).

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Seven Authors Coming Up

BOOKMEN who have been watching book seasons come and go for more years than they like to remember are averring that the approaching summer promises to be the quietest in their memory. In an effort to show that the weeks between now and Labor Day will have their matters of interest *SR*'s editors have scanned the horizon and jotted down notes on five books that raise particular anticipation. Three other books that will have strong attraction for readers of varied tastes will come along during September. "The Nun's Story," by Kathryn Hulme (Little, Brown), a story of the spiritual and medical trials of a Belgian girl who enters a nursing order in the Belgian Congo; "Bernard Shaw: His Life, His Works and Friends," by the distinguished drama critic St. John Ervine (Morrow); and "The Heart Has Its Reasons," by the Duchess of Windsor (McKay), the subject of which is known to every newspaper reader. Whether all these will live up to hopes only time—and the reviewers—can say.

—*Chase.*

HARRY AND BONARO OVERSTREET, a husband-and-wife team well known to *SR* readers for their articles and reviews and for such best-sellers as "The Mature Mind" and "The Mind Alive," have a new book scheduled by Norton for July 16. **"The Mind Goes Forth"** comes to grips with one of the central problems of our times—that of overcoming the hostilities, conscious or otherwise, that separate man from man.

—*Leonard.*

NORAH LOFTS, the English storyteller who delighted thousands of Americans several years ago with "Bless This House," returns to the East Anglian locale in **"Afternoon of an Autocrat"** but the time and mood are different. Now it's the late eighteenth century with flashbacks to the era of Roman Britain. There are the society of manor and village, an abortive love affair, and an interweaving of devil worship and black magic rites to make an entertaining romance. Doubleday has it down for July 5.

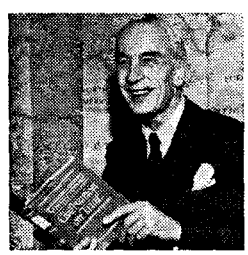
—*Phyllis Cerf.*

WILLIAM BRINKLEY, World War II naval veteran and presently a *Life* editor, has waited until 1956 to offer **"Don't Go Near the Water,"** an amusing book about the escapades of a crew of public-relations officers in the South Pacific while handling VIP's and doing their best to keep far away from the shooting war. It's already been tapped by the Book-of-the-Month Club and the movies. Random House will publish it July 16.

—*Tom Palumbo.*

FRANÇOISE SAGAN, who became an international literary celebrity last year with her first novel, "Bonjour Tristesse," promises to kick up even more dust with **"A Certain Smile,"** due from Dutton on August 20. The new story, which has already sold 250,000 copies in France, deals with a typically Saganesque theme: the love of a young girl for the (older and married) uncle of her boy friend.

C. S. FORESTER, who has been writing novels about Horatio Hornblower for decades, essays popular history with **"The Age of the Fighting Sail,"** an account of the naval war of 1812. The engagements in which the *Constitution* participated, the British blockade of American ports, and the battles on the Great Lakes are given their dramatic due in this new volume in Doubleday's Mainstream of America Series, scheduled for July 4.



ARNOLD TOYNBEE, the British historian who has always devoted more than a little attention to the religious aspect of the past, has picked a logical topic for his next book, called "An Historian's Approach to Religion." His publishers, Oxford University Press, tell us that the conclusions he reaches about the importance of religion in the progress of human affairs complement many of the ideas he developed in his widely discussed "A Study of History," one of the largest of histories. September 6 has been set as the publication date for Doctor Toynbee's new book.

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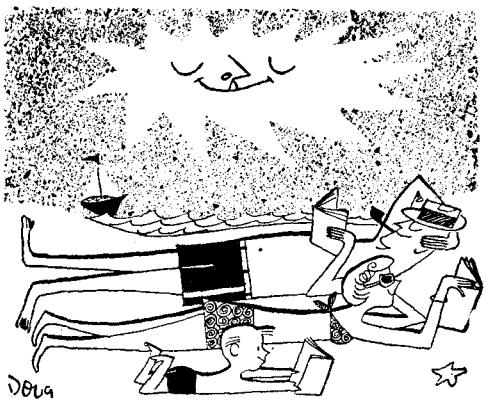
BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAY

Suggestions for Summer Reading



ALTHOUGH this is, as we've observed on the preceding page, an uncommonly quiet summer in the book world, the shops are stocked with enough good new books to fill any discriminating reader's hammock hours. The twenty-four book editors of leading newspapers from coast to coast who responded to our request for a half-dozen recommendations came up with a total of seventy-one titles.

With our customary word of caution against placing too much emphasis on numbers, we list the books most frequently recommended below:

"Minority Report: H. L. Mencken's Notebooks," eight votes.
"Olympio: The Life of Victor Hugo," by André Maurois, eight votes.
"A Single Pebble," by John Hersey, eight votes.
"Goodbye to Uncle Tom," by J. C. Furnas, seven votes.
"Ring Lardner," by Donald Elder, seven votes.
"The Ninth Wave," by Eugene Burdick, five votes.
"The Mandarins," by Simone de Beauvoir, four votes.
"Russian Journey," by William O. Douglas, four votes.
"A Walk on the Wild Side," by Nelson Algren, four votes.

In the hope that you will find the editors' suggestions useful as a guide to your own reading we list all the books nominated below. As in the past, we are greatly indebted to Marianne Gutman and to John Haverstick for assistance in compiling the list and annotations. The names in the brackets following each annotation are those of the editors who made the nomination.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Fiction

EIGHT VOTES

A SINGLE PEBBLE. *By John Hersey. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.
All about some Americans who went dam-building in China (and about the Chinese whom they met while dam-building). A new novel by the author of "Hiroshima," "The Wall," and "A Bell for Adano." (Bradley, Flowers, Kogan, Nordell, Perkin, Tinkle, Wyllie, Yeiser.)

FIVE VOTES

THE NINTH WAVE. *By Eugene Burdick. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.95.
All about a bully named Michael Freesmith, and of the ruthless swath he cuts for himself in school, war, and politics. A novel which won a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship. (Herzberg, Hogan, O'Neill, Snajdr, Tinkle.)

FOUR VOTES

THE MANDARINS. *By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by Leonard M. Friedman. World Publishing Co.* $6.
Postwar love and ideas in a postwar Left Bank Parisian apartment. A novel which won the *Prix Goncourt* when it first appeared in France. (Cross, Smith, Tinkle, Yeiser.)

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE. *By Nelson Algren. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $4.50.
The new novel by the author of "The Man With the Golden Arm" traces the progress of country-boy Dove Linkhorn through the horror parlors of New Orleans. (Bradley, Perkin, Snajdr, Wyllie.)

THREE VOTES

DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER. *By William Brinkley. Random House.* $3.95.
An amusing book about the war in the Pacific as it was fought by the public-relations section. To be published July 16. (Barkham, Dolbier, Kogan.)

GREENWILLOW. *By B. J. Chute. E. P. Dutton.* $3.50.
A slender yarn about a fellow named Gideon Briggs, who is descended from a family which traditionally abandons wives and children, and of the influence on him of one Reverend Lapp, who preaches hell-fire and damnation, and of one Reverend Birdsong, who preaches just the opposite doctrine. (Cady, Molyneaux, John K. Sherman.)

TWO VOTES

AFTERNOON OF AN AUTOCRAT. *By Norah Lofts. Doubleday.* $3.95.
This one takes off from the plight of poor Sir Richard Shelmadine who, it was said of him, courted evil, and it rolls along very nicely for lady readers. A novel by the author of "Bless This House." To be published July 5. (Bond, Flowers.)

A CERTAIN SMILE. *By Françoise Sagan. Translated by Anne Green. E. P. Dutton.* $2.95.
This one, being a no-holds-barred tale of a young girl's love affair with an older (and married) man, is only the second effort of the young (aged twenty now) and best-selling French author whose "Bonjour Tristesse" rocked at least part of the country last year. To be published August 16. (Barkham, Dolbier.)

MAMA I LOVE YOU. *By William Saroyan. Little, Brown.* $3.75.
All about Mama Girl and Papa Boy, who are divorced; their daughter, who wants to be a pitcher for the Yankees; and the production of a Broadway play—all very Saroyanesque. (Thomas B. Sherman, Tinkle.)

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD. *By Nicholas Monsarrat. William Sloane.* $4.95.
The author of "The Cruel Sea" has this time turned his attention to the doings of two primitive native groups on the fictional island of Pharamaul off the cost of Southwest Africa, and especially to that one of these two groups which has no ruling chief. To be published in October. (Flowers, Wyllie.)

ONE VOTE

THE ABODE OF LOVE. *By Aubrey Menen. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.
Or "Life in an English Harem," being the strange tale of a highly unusual Victorian clergyman who was un-Victorian enough to maintain an Oriental harem quite publicly on the southern coast of Victorian England. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

ALL THE KINGDOMS OF EARTH. *By Hoke Norris. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
A tale of two generations of Negroes in a rural Southern community, and of their religion, and especially of Preacher Prescott, who knows most of the Old Testament by heart and lets his flock know that he does. To be published in July. (Kogan.)

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY. *By Mark Harris. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
A novel about baseball, lifted to first-class literature by a life-and-death theme. By the author of "The Southpaw." (McManis.)

COMFORT ME WITH APPLES. *By Peter De Vries. Little, Brown.* $3.50.
A new comedy of domestic life in Connecticut by the author of "The Tunnel of Love." (Cross.)

THE CROSS OF IRON. *By Willi Heinrich. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Bobbs-Merrill.* $4.50.
A first novel being widely read and highly praised in present-day Germany, is the story of a superman corporal on the Eastern Front in World War II. (McManis.)

THE FLIGHT FROM THE ENCHANTER. *By Iris Murdoch. Viking Press.* $3.75.
Being a comic and/or philosophical (and symbolic) novel of a young girl who leaves school during the reading of the twelfth canto of the "Inferno" (because she can't stand Dante's cruelty in consigning the Minotaur to hell) and who ends up with one Mischa Fox, a fellow who turns out to have some traits in common with Dante. (Yeiser.)

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND. *By Marion Hargrove. Viking Press.* $2.95.
The fellow who wrote World War II's anecdotal (and best-selling) "See Here, Private Hargrove" has now taken a similarly anecdotal look at the "new" Army. (Molyneaux.)

THE MARBLE ORCHARD. *By Margaret Boylen. Random House.* $3.50.
The characters in this one are named Lovey and Robber Jim and Fiddler Claypoole, and the plot centers about the one named Lovey, an eveful who has been blinded in an accident and who waits for just the right dramatic moment (which turns out to be the death of her grandmother) to reveal to her startled friends and relatives that she had managed to regain her sight some time before all this. To be published July 27. (Hass.)

NUNI. *By John Howard Griffin. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.75.
Of the adventures which befall a boys' schoolteacher when a trans-Pacific airliner crashes and leaves him stranded on an un-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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SR's *Book of the Week:*

"THE HOUSE AT ADAMPUR"

Author: Anand Lall

By JOSEPH HITREC

ANAND LALL, who for several years was consul general of India in New York and has since served as permanent delegate for India to the United Nations, is offering some lively rearguard action in what is sure to become the most concerted invasion of these shores by Indian authors in any book season. His stint, a first novel called "The House at Adampur" (Alfred A. Knopf, $3.50), brings a worldly and faintly nostalgic viewpoint to a theme that is animating most of the Indian writing now done: the prenatal labors of new India, the years of anxiety and reshuffle.

We have read much on the subject in recent years and are likely to read a great deal more in the next ten or twenty, which is only natural and, from the Indian side of the fence, perhaps inevitable—so our thanks are due to Mr. Lall for attempting something rather refreshing and unheard of. He has tried to stay clear of the apostolic sonorities that so often are felt to be *de rigueur* by Indian writers whenever they come to grips with the "awakening masses," and which have always impressed this rather sympathetic reader as a substitute for a genuine point of contact between the city Indian and his peasant brothers. That alone would have marked Mr. Lall as something of a trail blazer. But there is another point of departure in his book that is just as inviting. It cocks a wistful ear at the passing of old India even as it records the stirring of the new, and that its heart belongs to daddy rather than the daddy's offspring.

This is a family novel in the sense that it covers a number of closely related lives in a contrapuntal pattern, rather than in a single, sharply defined dramatic issue. Its rhythms derive from a broad panoramic movement tapering down to separate individuals, rather than vice versa. The people in it are many and they run the gamut from the very old and out of date to the very young and fervent. There is Dewan Ram Nath, a rich patriarch who runs his family on the traditional rule that he alone knows what is best for them. There are his timorous wife, his many relations, and friends. There is Geeta, his beautiful and wayward niece, on whom he dotes sentimentally and excessively; there is Geeta's counterpart, the girl Lena, who would rather go to a meeting than meet a boy; there is Jai, the young political leader who falls in love first with one and then the other girl, but who arrives at manhood alone and companionless. Other dozens of men and women enter and exit from time to time and each in some way represents a shade of the dazzling Indian middle-class prism, now refracting the strong beam from outside, the Gandhian revolution. What this irresistible force does to them and how their several reactions in turn change their common destiny is the substance of Mr. Lall's narrative.

Yet over and beyond the patriotic-frenetic comings-and-goings of the young people it is the old busybody Dewan Ram Nath who pervades and electrifies the proceedings—and here "The House at Adampur" departs from the mold and takes on refreshing individuality. Ram Nath feels that the *pax britannica* hasn't been too bad a thing for India all things considered, though perhaps it has now served its purpose; the youngsters, busy with their brave new world and with their passions earmarked, cannot share any such long views.

Mr. Lall locks his younger generation up in various jails and lets them mull over their hectic and somewhat one-sided youth, and they come out decidedly mellower and more human. Some even begin to see the old fellow in a new light. While in this Indian day and age there may not be room for people like Ram Nath, life without them will never again be the same. When the youngsters begin to sense that they are much closer to maturity. As for Ram Nath, his final arrangements include, appropriately, retiring to the lovely house at Adampur, a vast library with the latest annotated editions of Eddington, and a young mistress of fair skin and nightingale voice. All of it no doubt arbitrary and high-handed and boldly deviationist, but three cheers anyway for a real man the whole man, and nothing but man!

THE AUTHOR: The Permanent Representative of India to the United Nations, Anand Lall (whose Westernized name is Arthur S. Lall), finds that despite his heavy administrative duties he still has a little time left to do creative writing. "Writing," he says, "can be called a relief, if you wish, or a disease. When working hard at official functions and duties I find it necessary to write and feel lost when I don't write." "The House at Adampur" is Representative Lall's first novel, but he has also published a well-received short story in *New World Writing*. The combination of statesman and fiction-writer seems rare to Americans, but for the part of the world which Mr. Lall represents it is not uncommon. "In our concept of things," notes Mr. Lall, "there is no division between statesman and writer. This holds true of India and China. It is also true to say that the average Indian, whether educated or uneducated, knows and is responsive to classic literature that forms a part of normal life. It is expected that a well-rounded person develop himself in many fields. As for myself, I have always done some writing, steadily so in the last ten years. Before I came to the United States four and a half years ago I wrote poetry exclusively but I turned to prose because my administrative and Governmental duties redirected my emotional concentration. Poetry requires a different sort of spiritual intensity." How did Mr. Lall's novel come about? "I wanted to put some important things down on paper and started a monograph on a friend who was killed in the last war. Instead there developed a novel about completely imagined characters and my friend was left out of the picture. I believe in freedom of the imagination; one writes what the characters demand, letting them make up the novel." Forty-five-year-old Mr. Lall, born in what is now Pakistan and educated at Lahore University and at Oxford, has had a distinguished Governmental career. With his wife and daughter he lives in midtown Manhattan not far from the United Nations and has never taken a vacation leave from his official duties really to see New York. He explains this abstinence as part of his "discipline" to give himself the time needed to put finishing touches on a second novel, whose setting—like the first—is India.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

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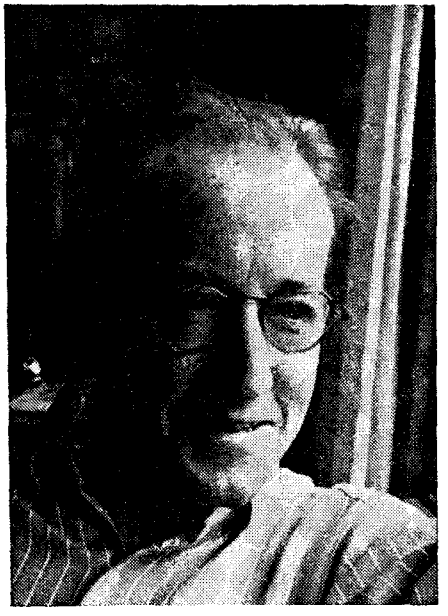

Vardis Fisher—"skilfully cadenced."

Passionate Traders

"Pemmican," by Vardis Fisher *(Doubleday. 319 pp. $3.95), is the story of mountain-man David Macdonald, employe of the Hudson's Bay Company, his exploits in the wars along the Northwest frontier, and his love for a white girl raised among the Indians.*

By Carl Carmer

PEMMICAN, the food concentrate for which Vardis Fisher's new novel is named, was made by drying thin strips of buffalo meat for long periods of time over a fire, pounding it to a powder, pouring melted fat over it—adding berries sometimes for flavor. It was nourishing, weighed little, kept well, and was easy to carry in a buffalo-hide bag. In the late eighteenth-century and early-nineteenth century days of the struggle between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Company for furs furnished by hunting Indians it was a logistic necessity. Even in contemporary times experiments in its use have been carried on by American military authorities searching for the most satisfactory diet for men downed in the ocean or isolated behind enemy lines.

The policy of the Hudson's Bay Company in the unpleasantness called the "Pemmican War" was to encourage the Indians of the Canadian areas northwest of Lake Superior to bring their pelts to stations they had established in that region. The Northwest Company, influenced by canny French bargainers, found it better strategy to push their trinket-laden canoes into Indian country and conduct their business in the villages of the Blackfeet, the Crees, the Chippewas. Their competitors called them contemptuously "pedlars" but they more than held their own.

The records of the two (which merged in 1821) and the journals of their employes have for some time furnished tempting materials for American writers. Of comparatively recent date such novels as "The Grand Portage," by Walter O'Meara, and "Hatchet in the Sky," by Margaret Cooper Gay, have made their readers aware of the fascinating milieu of Indians, half-breeds, voyageurs, mountain-men, British (many of them Scottish) traders that existed in the wilds that stretched from Detroit all the way to the Peace River. The most successful of this genre has been A. B. Guthrie's "The Big Sky," a stirring tale which begins in 1830 after the warring companies had joined.

Vardis Fisher has chosen to write of the Pemmican War and one of the Hudson's Bay Company's participants therein, mountain-man David Macdonald. In his first few pages David kills an enormous grizzly bear, watches a combat between an old buffalo bull and a pack of wolves, falls in love at first sight with a beautiful white girl who has been captured by Indians when a baby and is Indian in all respects except blood and complexion.

Mr. Fisher is a writer of skilfully cadenced prose, a practised novelist who believes that historic narratives should be liberally salted with extremes of action, and an honest believer in presenting the past as it really was regardless of possible effect upon his readers. He has, moreover, a remarkable gift for deducing from his sources many a convincing and corroborative detail. His reports of the fierce storms of the north country, the wanderings of men lost in the snow-covered wastes, of massacres, and the wildly sadistic tortures inflicted on prisoners by the Blackfeet, of the licentious sexual practices of the white traders and the Indian squaws all have such a ring of truth as to be repellent to many a squeamish, perhaps I should say sensitive, reader.

Despite the lavish amount of informative material this novel contains it is held together by the author's continuous emphasis on the love story. Even the conflict between great forces seeking power over the wide land is subordinated to the way of a man with a maid. Mr. Fisher has woven his amazingly detailed knowledge of the period into a satisfying artistic whole.

Dan Jacobson—"simple, admirable."

Pity and Guilt

"A Dance in the Sun," by Dan Jacobson *(Harcourt, Brace. 209 pp. $3.50), is the story of two college lads on vacation in South Africa. It is reviewed here by John Cook Wyllie, book editor of* The Richmond News Leader.

By John Cook Wyllie

LIKE HIS FIRST novel about Africa, "The Trap," Dan Jacobson's new book is short, simple, and admirable. To the extent that it is a criticism of life on the African veld it may be disregarded, at least outside the diminishing confines of the Arnoldian cloisters. American writing is currently full enough of moral indignation over both miscegenation and second-class citizenships not to need an inflammatory transfusion of a Bantu blood-type from South Africa, where the Kaffir is still subdued by the nearly outmoded means of illiteracy and toil.

Fortunately, Mr. Jacobson is neither primarily bent on the diffusion of sweetness and light nor remotely concerned with the production of one of the catch-penny white-supremacy pieces of claptrap that pour so much hot lead into the matrices of our own Black Belt. He sits astride the problem of man's inhumanity to man with the questionable dignity of a helpless observer.

The white masters he depicts are bitter and constricted beings, guiltily oppressed by their sins and their servants. But the servants too are

(*Continued on page* 34)

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POLITICS

Jeers and Cheers for H. S. T.

"Give 'Em Hell Harry," by Eldorous L. Dayton *(Devin-Adair. 250 pp. $3.50),* ***"The Truman Scandals," by Jules Abels*** *(Henry Regnery. 329 pp. $3.75), and* ***"The Truman Administration," edited by Louis W. Koenig*** *(New York University Press. 394 pp. $3.50), are accounts of the last Democratic Administration, the first two quite hostile, the third objective. Walter Millis, editor of "The Forrestal Diaries," reviews them below.*

By Walter Millis

IT IS in a way a tribute to the thirty-second President of the United States that today, nearly four years out of office, he remains so lively a political issue. At a moment when one would suppose the record of the Eisenhower Administration to be the principal topic of disputation come three partisan and polemical works dealing solely with the record of Harry S. Truman. Is the battle of 1956 to be simply a rerun of the gory fracas of 1952? At least two of the writers seem to think so.

In "Give 'Em Hell Harry" Eldorous L. Dayton gives Harry hell in a high, wide, free-swinging style which the former President, in even his least dignified passages, never approached. Mr. Dayton's regard for accuracy is low; his mastery of the loaded adjective, the skilful insinuation, the distorted inference is great. Beginning with a considerable, if staccato, research into the sins of the Pendergast machine (with which he can connect Mr. Truman only through "guilt by association") he continues to put the worst possible construction on every aspect of the Truman years. This is the dish, fast-cooked and easily assimilated, for those who want the dirt in convenient form. As history it is to me chiefly interesting as exemplifying the libelous depths to which "fair comment" appears to have sunk in our times; to reach its level one would surely have to go back to the things they said about Washington, Adams, Jefferson, or Lincoln.

Jules Abels in "The Truman Scandals" does a much more serious and responsible hatchet job. The case is stated frankly in the foreword: "This book, which deals with the most corrupt era of government in our history, is an attempt to lay bare the facts for public examination. During the Truman era the vast powers of government were dedicated to the strengthening of a political organization. This example corroded the moral values of the office-holder and so brought about corruption not only for the benefit of the party but for individual benefit." Thus the party, if not the President himself, is neatly made responsible for every instance of individual frailty which can be dug up, and the whole mass of misfeasance presented as documenting "the most corrupt" era of government we have known.

This is a large claim, remembering the many earlier scandals in our generally rather larcenous history. Mr. Abels sets out to sustain it by a patient, case-by-case examination and report of every scandal raked up by the press or the investigating committees which can in any way be associated with the Truman era. His industry is enormous and his mastery of complicated details of names and skullduggeries remarkable, if somewhat tedious at times; so far as one can judge his facts are accurate and documented. This would seem to be a complete, integrated story of the "corruption"—which at the time reached newspaper readers in only fragmentary fashion—that was seized upon in the Republican slogan of 1952, "Communism, Corruption, and Korea."

It is all here—the mink coats, the deep-freezes, the scandals over the Reconstruction Finance Corporation loans, the scandals in the Internal Revenue Bureau and the Justice Department over tax favors, the favors allegedly distributed by the Democratic National Committee chairmen in return for campaign contributions, the five-percenters, General Vaughan, Merl Young, Grunewald "the Dutchman," Joe Nunan, Theron Lamar Caudle, and many more. I think Mr. Abels has rendered a service to all sides by getting it together in one place and presenting it for public scrutiny. Here, so to speak, is the indictment, together with the evidence for the prosecution. The reader is provided with a study, scrupulously fair within its terms of reference, by which he can judge to the extent and significance of the alleged corruption of the Truman era.

THE reader's reaction will principally turn on his own political predilections. With me Mr. Abels has not proved his case. While there was clearly too much fast work of many kinds during the Truman years, I am not convinced that it was the "most" corrupt era of our history; I am even less convinced that it was the product

(*Continued on page 20*)

"That's the trouble with a monarchy—they can't vote you out of office."

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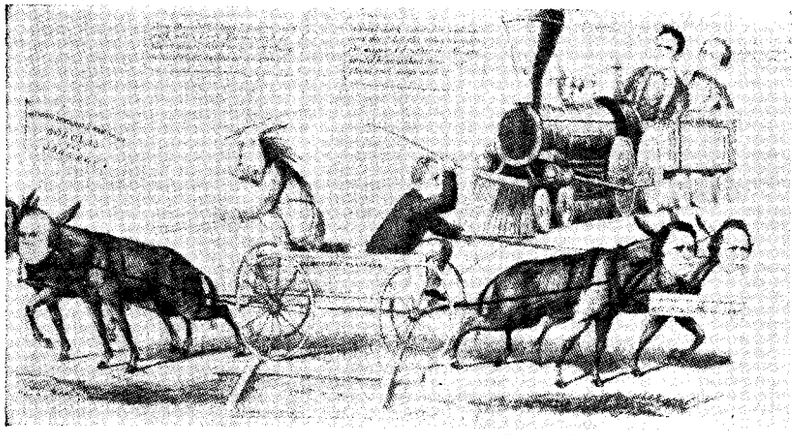
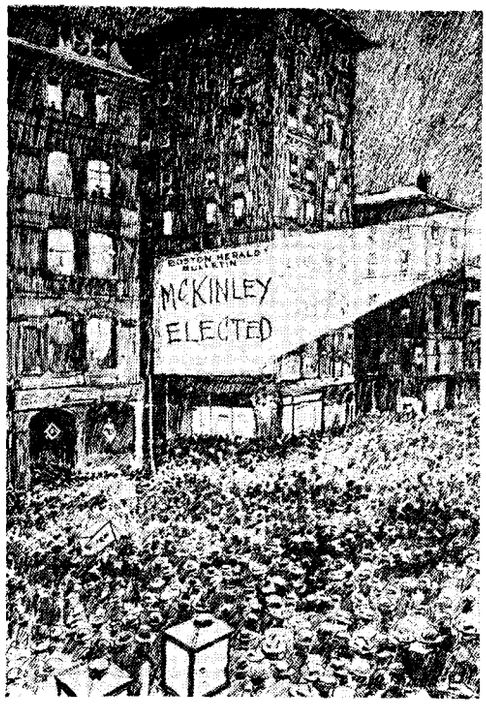
Now Is the Time . . .

Campaign Books for November



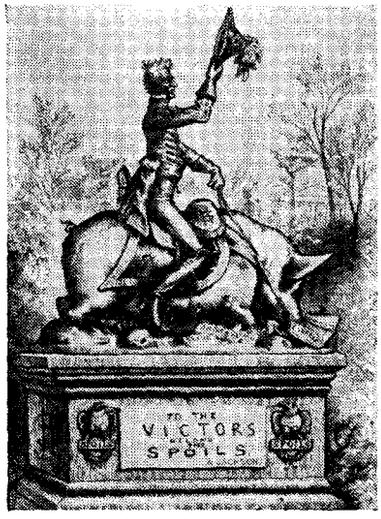
—From "The Fabulous Democrats."

The Democrats Split and Lincoln Becomes President.



—From "Ballot for Americans."

A Magic Lantern Tells an 1896 Crowd That "True American" McKinley Has Defeated "Radical" Bryan.

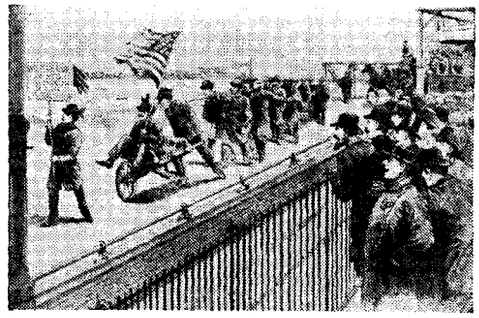


—From "Ballot for Americans."

Jackson's Policy of Replacing Holdover Officeholders Led to This Cartoon.

—From "Party Politics."

"Gad, When I Think of the Power the People Have—It Just Isn't Fair."



—From "Ballot for Americans."

Election Bets Being Paid Off on Brooklyn Bridge.

NOWHERE else in the world is there a flow of books about politicians and politics comparable to that in the United States during a Presidential election year. An important factor is the fixed American election date that provides both publisher and authors with a publication target. In Britain, for instance, no one can foretell when the Prime Minister will go to the Queen and ask for dissolution of Parliament. The result is that the campaign biography as a tool of voter persuasion is essentially an American phenomenon.

But the quadrennial torrent contains a great deal more than tracts in hard covers which might just as easily have been arranged for by the Democratic or Republican National Committees. A number of solid, worthwhile books on politics for the general voter as well as for the political scientist are published to coincide with the conventions and the election.

So far this year there have been a dozen books on politics and politicians (see page 34). Since there is still plenty of time to go before the Democrats meet in Chicago and the Republicans in San Francisco you may be sure that if the Democrats pick a dark horse several quickies will roll off the presses well before the voters finish making up their minds on the merits of President Eisenhower's four years in the White House.

Of five books published in recent weeks the most valuable is **"Party Politics,"** by Ivan Hinderaker (Holt, $8.75). This is a textbook by an associate professor of political science at University of California at Los Angeles, but it is more than a volume for students of American politics. It offers a practical look at the facts of political life. In addition, it has a fine collection of political cartoons chosen aptly to highlight the author's arguments.

"The Fabulous Democrats," by David Cohn with a foreword by the Hon. Sam Rayburn (Putnam, $5.95), is a cheer for the Democratic Party by a devoted Democrat.

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—*From "The Fabulous Democrats."*

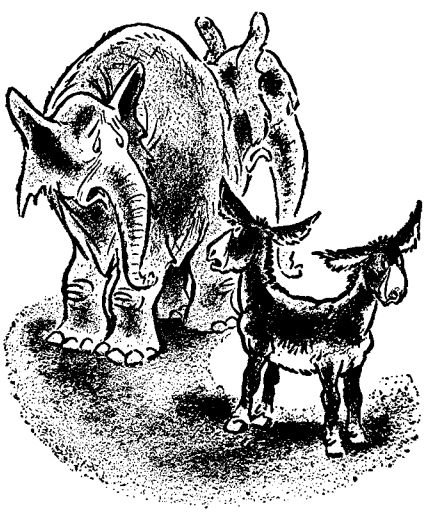
The Campaign of '92: Grover Cleveland for President, Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois for Vice President.

—*From "The Fabulous Democrats."*

Al Smith with Two Good Friends from Sardinia.

—*From "Party Politics."*

"Quit Stealing My Stuff!"



—*From "Party Politics."*

"I Have the Same Trouble!"

—*From "Party Politics."*

"Man of the Hour."

From Thomas Jefferson to the defeat of Adlai Stevenson in 1952 Mr. Cohn, who was a helper in the fight against Mr. Eisenhower, tells his story lovingly through text and pictures. But love does not prevent Mr. Cohn from gently boxing his party's ears on occasion. This is not a book for the student, but it will be welcomed by those who like lots of pictures to help tell a story.

"Ballot for Americans," by Lamont Buchanan (Dutton, $4.95), is another picture book. It deals with elections and electioneering and covers highlights of forty-two Presidential and eighty-four Congressional campaigns. Photographs are more important than words in this one. A reminder of some of the good, and not-so-good, old days.

As government grows in importance, so the patterns of voting increase in importance. To those who would better understand the trends in the thinking of the nation and its voting moods a compilation of voting statistics is essential. **"American Votes,"** by Richard M. Scammon (Macmillan, $12.50), is the first volume of a continuing, biennial collection of election figures. This one is for the ten years since World War II. Here are answers for laymen and a vital tool for the political expert.

"The Kefauver Story," by two Washington correspondents, Jack Anderson and Fred Blumenthal (Dial Press, $3), is as laudatory as any fan of Senator Estes Kefauver would want. It tells the outside facts of the career of a man who is a puzzle. His colleagues in the Senate are not his supporters. The party bosses don't like him. He arrived at the 1952 convention with the strongest kind of primary support and had the skids neatly put under him by the powerful Democratic elder statesman, President Truman. What makes the Senator from Tennessee tick? What drives him on against the worst kind of odds? There are no answers in this book, but there are some amusing anecdotes of the man who has no support but that of voters.

—L. L. L. Golden.

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of any special "moral" laxity on the part of the former President, or that the operations of Democratic Party fund-raising are necessarily much more evil than those to which Republican statesmen and committeemen have been known to resort. After all, Colonel Hunt, the leading five-per-center, was, according to the author, "non-partisan," and when a Dewey victory seemed imminent in 1948 wrote privately that should it occur "I am in even a better position than before."

It seems to me that Mr. Abels draws a somewhat distorted picture of the inevitable results of a situation which he himself describes at the outset—the party system, with its enormous demands for funds; the development of administrative government, under which underpaid officials decide daily upon conflicts of interest involving millions if not billions of dollars; in which the principles governing decision are never clear cut and the actions (which Mr. Abels ascribes to politics or bribery) can nearly always be justified on grounds of policy and the public interest. That influence-peddling and even bribery are likely to be rife under such conditions seems apparent, and that they were present before Truman and are present still under Eisenhower seems evident from what one reads in the newspapers. It may be that the Truman Administration was unduly lax in controlling this feature of modern government; I don't think it has been proved that it was peculiarly lax or that the results were particularly damaging to the state (most of the cases, after all, were in the peanut category). As if with an uneasy conscience, Mr. Abels includes a final chapter mainly directed toward showing that the Truman era was worse than the Harding period. It is not to me persuasive, and suggests that while Mr. Abel's history of the Truman scandals is of value, the author realizes that it is neither a good nor conclusive answer to the problems of administrative big government around which his book revolves.

WITH "The Truman Administration" we are on the other side of the fence and in fresher air. Louis W. Koenig has assembled, under topical divisions, a selection of the Truman state papers, or excerpts from them, with a running commentary of his own. Here one may find bits and pieces of the Truman position on most of the major controversies. They remind us that the former President was a statesman of ginger and force, and generated a lot of sense (along with some nonsense) on major questions of our times. The purpose of the book is a trifle obscure; it is, as the introduction says, "intended as documentation, not as political or personal criticism." As documentation it can be convenient; and unquestionably it recalls one from the Vaughans and Maragons and Caudles to the elements of greatness in the Truman stewardship which were also there. It provides ready reference and Democratic political ammunition. It is insufficiently complete to serve for general reference purposes, however; and though promising to set forth the "principles and practice" of the Truman Administration, it seems to me that the method chosen is a bit weak for exposing either.

But one ends with a feeling that no one of these books is as significant as the fact that they all three appear together at the beginning of a new Presidential campaign in which Mr. Truman is not a candidate. The Truman Administration still lives as one of the great divides in the history of our times. Just because of its relative purity and smoothness the Eisenhower era has an air of anti-climax. The great policies were forged and the great issues were fought out in the tumultuous years of the man from Independence. The Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, Korea, rearmament, and NATO were all products of this period. So were the scandals of the influence-peddlers and the RFC. The former were inherent in the new world situation; the latter were inherent in the new domestic situation, in which big government, big administration, big contracts, and huge expenditure for lobbying and for party politics had largely superseded our older concepts of the operations of government. The Truman Administration was fated to meet both problems head on. Its solutions in both spheres were more or less accepted and applied by its successors. There was no sharp break in foreign policy; there was no sharp break in dealing with the Communist question, and there was no sharp break in dealing with "corruption."

Eisenhower has been no more able than Truman was to escape the allegations of "give-away," of the distortion of the vast powers of modern governance to the service of private interest. As the history of the Dixon-Yates contract, of the natural gas bill, of Hell's Canyon, of the lumbering contracts, and of many other occurrences would seem to show, there are still "fixers" at work, and telephone calls to the right people are still more useful than the letter of the statutes and the regulations. If President Eisenhower is not to be blamed for these things neither is President Truman to be blamed for their earlier counterparts. It may be that the Truman Administration was too carefree—that will remain a matter of opinion. It may be that the Eisenhower Administration is properly severe upon everything except the really big steals, so big that they become respectable. That also will remain a matter of opinion. The fact is that the

(*Continued on page* 34)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MORE ADJECTIVIZED ANIMALS

If you want to be able to talk about (or to) a skunk without calling him a skunk this second list of scientific tags submitted by Russell H. Fitzgibbon of Los Angeles, Calif., will prove useful. Answers are on page 34.

1. antelope	( ) aquiline
2. butterfly	( ) araneidan
3. cuckoo	( ) bubaline
4. eagle	( ) cuculine
5. fish	( ) hirudine
6. frog	( ) hirundine
7. groundhog	( ) ichthyic
8. leech	( ) lupine
9. mole	( ) marmotine
10. ostrich	( ) meleagrine
11. peacock	( ) mephitine
12. sable	( ) papilionaceous
13. shark	( ) pavonine
14. skunk	( ) porcine
15. spider	( ) ranine
16. swallow	( ) selachoid
17. swine	( ) struthiform
18. turkey	( ) talpine
19. wasp	( ) vespine
20. wolf	( ) zibeline

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No Short Cuts to Paradise

—From the book.

"From Vienna to Versailles," by L. C. B. Seaman *(Coward-McCann. 216 pp. $3.50), is a British scholar's reappraisal of Europe since 1815, written in witty and epigrammatic style. Quincy Howe, who reviews it here, is the author of "The World Between the Wars" and other books.*

By Quincy Howe

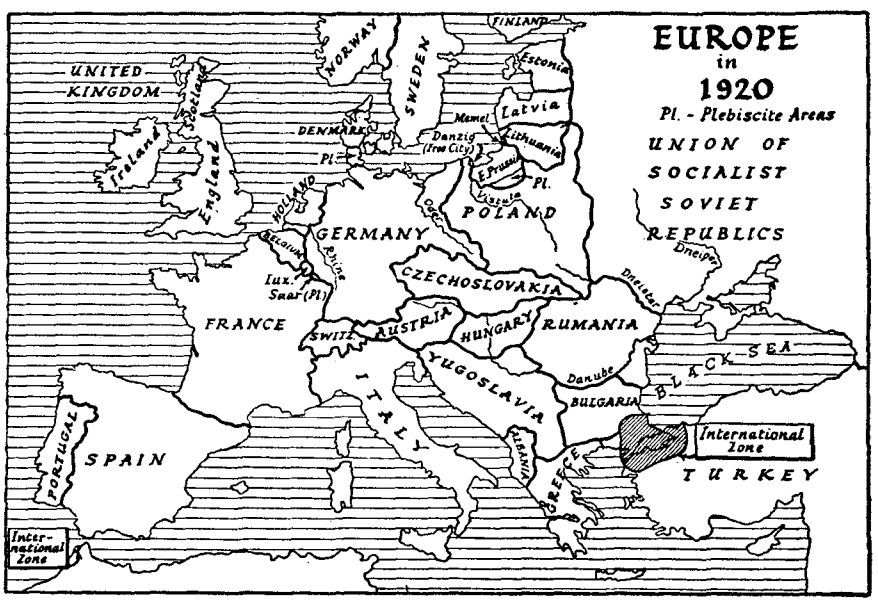
THE liquidation of the British Empire has liberated Britain's historians from the compulsion many of them once felt either to denounce or justify it. To the authority of their recent imperial experience they now add a greater measure of irony, paradox, and humor than they used to indulge. Thus "From Vienna to Versailles," L. C. B. Seaman's analysis of European diplomacy and politics from 1815 to 1920, proceeds from the "one essential fact" that the American and French Revolutions "molded hard and firm into the traditions of political life the notion that through revolution man could find a short cut to paradise on earth." Fear of revolution, exploited by Metternich, kept the peace in Europe from the downfall of Napoleon to the Crimean War, of which Bismarck and Cavour became the chief beneficiaries. The revolutionaries of 1848 failed because they "did not understand the implications of their own slogans or the inadequacy of their own program. Small as the hopes of freedom were in the years after 1849, a 'successful' 1848 Revolution, in the sense of one that pursued a fully revolutionary program, would have been a thousand times worse."

Mr. Seaman prefers Disraeli to Gladstone, Cavour to Mazzini. "The greatness of Cavour is like the greatness of Bismarck in this respect; it consists not in the undeviating pursuit of a ruthless master plan concocted in advance of events, but rather in the infinite suppleness with which he adopted his policy and objectives to every changing circumstance yet at the same time remaining firmly in control."

What Mr. Seaman writes about Germany and the Germans sums up the essence of a book already overpacked with epigrams: "National character is the product not of biology but of history; chromosomes have nothing to do with it. The Germans were unaggressive before the creation of Bismarck's Reich because they had no history of aggression behind them and no state machinery through which to make aggression effective." It was the irony of Bismarck's life that in his attempt to make Prussia play its part in a European balance of powers he created an unbalanced Germany in an unbalanced Europe. This Germany stood for no moral principles; it had no aims to satisfy, no problems to solve. "There was only blind incoherent force, with which nobody could negotiate because it had no coordinating brain or directing intelligence. The Germans stampeded into war, the mindless and purposeless victims of their own monstrous history."

If responsibility for the First World War lies at Germany's door, responsibility for the false peace that followed lies at Woodrow Wilson's, who "was inspired by that deep sense of conviction which is the unique possession of those who combine profound idealism with profounder ignorance." Mr. Seaman wastes no words denouncing Lenin or Hitler, but of Wilson he writes: "The label 'demogogue' ought not to be restricted to those who, regardless of consequences, appeal to the lowest in the human mind. It ought also to be applied to men like Wilson, who appeal to the highest in men; for to tell humanity that peace and justice are about to be achieved without 'any kind of compromise or abatement' is to practise the worst of all forms of deceit."

HAVING ridiculed the glib liberal and the dogmatic radical, Mr. Seaman does not wrap himself in sackcloth, sprinkle himself with ashes, and repair to a vanished past. He is a historian, not a pamphleteer, a scholar, not an advocate. He concentrates on politics and diplomacy, not on economics and philosophy. But his deliberate concentration of effort adds force to at least two morals. He recalls that in 1900 "an alliance of Teuton and Anglo-Saxon England, Germany, and the United States—against Latin and Slav" seemed to be in the making. "And a half century after its first exposition and abandonment it reappeared in a new and strange form in 1950; perhaps to provide, whether by its success or failure, a key to the twentieth century's second half." And implicit throughout his narrative-analysis is the warning that there is no "short cut to paradise on earth," whether by revolution or any other means.



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Resurgent Continent

"The Struggle for Asia," by Sir Francis Low *(Frederick A. Praeger. 239 pp. $3.50), is a survey of a continent coming again to the forefront of history, written by a Scot who served many years as a journalist in India. Kenneth Scott Latourette, author of "A Short History of the Far East" and other books, reviews it here.*

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

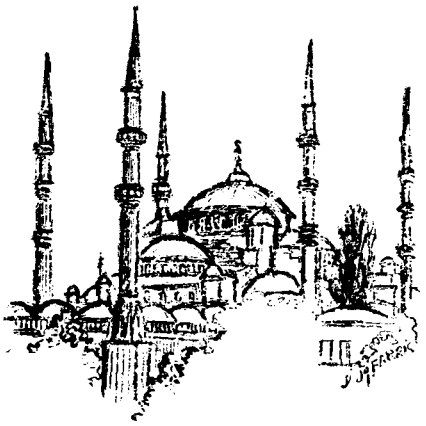
IF THE hypothetical general reader, non-expert on Asia, has time for only one book on current conditions in that continent, that book is Sir Francis Low's "The Struggle for Asia." The author, a canny Scot, served many years as a newspaperman and editor in India. He has kept abreast with events in that country and in the other Asian lands. He is critical of Communism. But he is singularly objective and is as dispassionate and impartial in his reporting and appraisals as it is given fallible mortals to be. The book was written primarily for the British public, but is not so slanted that Americans will find it alien to their concerns.

Sir Francis begins by reminding us that we are watching the resurgence of Asia. That continent is the home from which issued all the high religions of mankind. From it invasion after invasion swept into Europe and more than once threatened to overwhelm all that peninsula of Eurasia. The European mastery of Asia was only a passing phase of a long history. The successful emergence from Occidental rule, so he believes, has left the leaders more continently conscious than at any time in history: they are aware of being Asiatics rather than simply Indians, Chinese, or Burmese. Asia's torment of mind is now its undernourished millions. It is among them in the rural areas that Communism has its most fruitful field.

Beginning with the western fringe, the author moves eastward, giving a region-by-region and country-by-country picture of the recent and current situation. He sees the Middle East menaced by Communist Russia as it once was by Tsarist Russia. Having lost most of their possessions in Asia the British can no longer counter the Russian threat. The Union of India Sir Francis regards as the chief testing ground for democracy in Asia. While he believes that India has done more to meet the problem of poverty than any free country in Asia, he holds that Communism is still a potential menace to that land. In Burma a national government is, he is convinced, steadily growing in strength. He views what he calls the democratic bloc—Pakistan, India, Burma, and Ceylon—as a tribute to British rule. It was the British who prepared them for independence and who gave them most of such unity as they possess. He is not hopeful for Indonesia or Indochina.

He declares that the real struggle is not Asian nationalism against the West, but between Asian nationalism and Communism. He analyzes the reasons for the Communist triumph in China and finds them in the failure of the Kuomintang to keep in touch with the masses. He notes the close tie of Communist China with Russia and takes a grave view of the Communist threat to Southeast Asia. He has a good deal to say of the relations of India with Communist China and regards Nehru as not pro-Communist but as passionately convinced that India must be the center of a peace area.

This brief summary can only hint at the rich content of the book's crowded pages. Here in condensed but readable form is the information which most of us crave who would understand what is taking place in Asia. As is to be expected, the author is at his best on India. His touch is less sure as he moves from South into East Asia. For example, it is at least debatable that, as he says, Sun Yat-sen's death was a severe blow to the Kuomintang. Some observers would be inclined to say that the Kuomintang profited by it. Sir Francis has not probed deeply into the causes of the triumph of Communism in China. Nor does his brief chapter on Japan go profoundly into the problem of that country. The section on the Philippines, although declaring that that country is making headway, is thin. Yet in the main the author's judgments are sound and his statements of fact dependable.



Between East and West

"A History of Turkey: From Empire to Republic," by M. Philips Price *(Macmillan. 224 pp. $4.50), is a history of the Ottoman Empire and the Turkish Republic, reviewed here by Emil Lengyel, author of "Turkey" and "World Without End."*

By Emil Lengyel

AS A distinguished newspaper correspondent in the service of the *Manchester Guardian*, Morgan Philips Price first made his mark more than a generation ago, following the Russian armies into Turkey during World War I. The current British "Who's Who" describes him as a Labor Member of Parliament, and library entries credit him with over a score of volumes about the Middle East, Russia, and other subjects.

In this new book, "A History of Turkey," Mr. Price tackles the massive record of that land from the Central Asian steppes to NATO. He begins by showing how the nomads burst into the West, filling the vacuum left by the decline of Byzantium. Then he shows them pushing further westward until the very pillars of Europe shook. Their success was monumental but turned out to be temporary, since their original success may have been largely due to the nomads' ability to treat their subject people as "rayah," cattle, as Professor Toynbee thinks. The Turkish Empire was doomed when the "cattle" began to rise in revolt. Until the final collapse of the Ottoman Empire it was sustained by some of the Great Powers as the "rope sustains the hanged man." These powers were apprehensive about the world coming to blows over the dead man's estate.

Next Mr. Price comes to the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire at the end of World War I. The best parts of the Empire, including the coasts, were carved off, and Turkey was allowed to retain only the Anatolian high plateau. Before long Mustafa Kemal appeared on the scene, staging the most massive revolution the region has seen. An Oriental theocratic despotism was turned into an Occidental secular regime; Kemal became the model of Middle Eastern renaissance.

The Soviets, as Mr. Price shows, helped to salvage Turkey from near-extinction, providing it with arms and ammunition, thus enabling it to free its vital coastal space. At the time the thought of Turkey being at the Straits

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appeared less menacing to the Kremlin than of Britain at the Straits. The Soviets did not foresee that in time not only Britain but also the United States would be established at the Straits through NATO.

Mr. Price quite rightly makes the point that the Middle East and much of Southern Asia have now become a power vacuum adjacent to the dynamic Communist "heartland." He sees the problem of the West to be that of organizing politically the countries that comprise that vacuum and of developing them economically. In this task, he says, "one naturally turns to a country which has had a long history of resistance to Russian expansion from the north, namely Turkey." He does not, however, specify how this should be done. A part of Mr. Price's book is devoted to a description of modern Turkey, its constitutional system, its foreign policy, its economic life, its schools, and its creed. He makes an attempt to give a picture of Turkish village types and their ways of life.

IT WAS Mr. Price's intention that this book should be a compendium of Turkish history. This reviewer thinks that he has not succeeded too well, perhaps because that history is too vast for a volume so slender. Nor is Mr. Price's knowledge of Turkish—which he describes as the "carpet-bazaar variety"—adequate for his task. He mangles even such household names as that of Ziya Gökalp, intellectual father of the Republic. Some of Mr. Price's geography and dates are topsy-turvy, *i.e.*, when he places what he calls "Truman Declaration" in 1946, instead of 1947, and describes Bosnia-Herzegovina as "Macedonian."

Nor is Mr. Price sufficiently critical in appraising current events. He takes scant notice of the high-handed methods of the party presently ruling Turkey and of the blight it seems to have placed on what had been a reasonably equalitarian economic system. He appears to think that the Balkan alliance of Turkey with Greece and Yugoslavia is still operative. Evidently he has not taken a close look at Turkey outside of the cities or else he could not have written that "the Turks are the only reliable bulwark in the Middle East of the Western way of life." The Turks may have started on the Western way, but they still have a long distance to go. Deeply imbedded traditions cannot be excised in a matter of short years. In his search for the West in the East Mr. Price may one day find it instructive to pay a visit to another Near Eastern country, Israel.

AMERICANA

The Flowering of New York

"The Raven and the Whale: The War of Words and Wits in the Era of Poe and Melville," by Perry Miller *(Harcourt, Brace. 370 pp. $6.75), is a study of Evert Duyckinck's critical circle and its friends and enemies. The reviewer is Professor Gay Wilson Allen of New York University, author of a recent biography of Walt Whitman, "The Solitary Singer."*

By Gay Wilson Allen

DESPITE the catchy title "The Raven and the Whale" is not primarily about either Melville or "Moby-Dick," and even less about Poe's synthetic bird. In the words of the author, "It is preoccupied with Melville's America (in several respects the America with which we have still to deal), but the irony of the story, for him and for us, is that his America consisted almost entirely of the city of New York."

The exact years of Miller's study, as he outlines them in a chronological table at the end of the book, is from 1833, the founding of the *Knickerbocker Magazine,* through 1857, when Poe's arch-enemy, Rufus Griswold, died and Melville published his bitter satire, "The Confidence Man," which perhaps came as near as anything to characterizing the age. This period in spite of its shams and pretensions is one of the richest in the history of American letters. But it has usually been associated with the cultural activities of Boston and Concord, especially since the publication of Van Wyck Brook's "The Flowering of New England." (His later "Times of Melville and Whitman" does not emphasize the New York scene.)

—*Paul Koby.*

Perry Miller—"compellingly pertinent."

Although it is well known that Melville and Whitman were New Yorkers, and Poe, too, during the last years of his brief triumph and pathetic failures, it remained for a Harvard professor to discover the importance of the society in which these men lived and worked, a society which both nurtured and flawed their art. The social and intellectual background of Longfellow and Lowell, Emerson and Thoreau has been studied and discussed time and again, but even the numerous Melville biographers have inadequately treated the city of his nativity, and the Poe biographers have paid still less attention to New York in the 1840s. As Miller remarks in recalling Evert Duyckinck's complaint, "Had Gulian Verplanck, the editor of Shakespeare, lived in Boston he would have received such honors as were bestowed upon Jared Sparks or even upon Lowell; but New York was, and is, reckless about scholars."

Why this was, and is, true Miller demonstrates in his book, which is crammed with facts, personalities, accounts of petty feuds to illustrate the point. New York has always been a center of trade and commerce. In the 1830s the social and intellectual leaders were merchants, lawyers, and affluent physicians such as Dr. Samuel Wakefield Francis, who made $15,000 a year, then regarded as phenomenal, and "paced literary New York in the sort of bawdiness Melville liked to hide in his books." This society was urbane, conservative, and mildly Epicurean. It was mostly Whig in politics, "high-church" Episcopalian in religion, and distrustful of "ideas," especially those of Germany and New England "transcendentalism." It supported the *Knickerbocker Magazine,* which upheld orthodoxy under the editorship of Lewis Gaylord Clark, denounced the immorality of French writers, and opposed the "barbarities" of Jacksonianism. At first Clark believed that the size of the country and the prodigality of nature would inevitably create a big literature, but

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he opposed this naive nationalistic doctrine after the Democratic press took it up.

The opposition to the *Knickerbocker* hegemony was organized by Evert Duyckinck and his friends, mainly Cornelius Mathews and William Alfred Jones. Duyckinck, remembered today mainly for his friendship with Melville, was a young man of means, social position, education, and also "high-church." He, "as publisher's reader and editor, did more than any man in his time to get authors published and books reviewed." The most fiery champion of literary nationalism, however, was Mathews, so obnoxiously bumptious that he offended nearly everyone except Duyckinck, who suffered repeatedly for the friendship. Jones became estranged from Duyckinck after an erotic episode with Mrs. Duyckinck's youthful sister and ended his career as an eccentric librarian at Columbia College. But in the 1840s these three men were the leaders of the "Young America" movement, which stimulated both Melville and Whitman.

But the influence of "Young America" on Whitman lies outside the main purpose of "The Raven and the Whale." Miller is concerned with a more comprehensive influence: "Determined . . . to find a place for the writer in the society they knew, Duyckinck, Mathews, and Jones, elevating books into an instrument of civilization, declared that should the writer become the arbiter of social taste he would perform as definite a function as the merchant." Although their efforts were not useless, in this major ambition they failed, partly through their own weaknesses, partly through quarrels with themselves and their critics, partly because of confusions within the national culture.

Though Duyckinck and his friends were sometimes kind to Poe, they did not prevent his tragic disintegration; when "Leaves of Grass" was printed they failed to recognize in it the fulfilment of their program; and they found it difficult to defend Melville when in "Pierre" and "Moby-Dick" he challenged their superficial taste and jejune optimism. Melville was already disillusioned with them when he wrote "Pierre." They were too intellectually limited to rise above the confusions of their mercantile culture. As Miller sagely remarks, "A Republic may abandon the artist not because of his aberrations but because of its own." The documentation of this opinion makes "The Raven and the Whale" compellingly pertinent for anyone interested in the health of American letters a century after the death of the "Young America" movement.

—*From the book.*

". . . new life in an old commonwealth."

State on the Move

"River of the Carolinas: The Santee," by Henry Savage, Jr. *(Rinehart. 435 pp. $5), is a lively account of a waterway that has contributed much to the romance and industrial importance of South Carolina. Clement Eaton of the University of Kentucky, author of "A History of the Old South," reviews it below.*

By Clement Eaton

A South Carolinian writing about the history of his state is tempted to dwell on its golden age, the colonial period; if he describes contemporary South Carolina he is likely to emphasize its recent industrial growth. Small wonder, then, that in Henry Savage, Jr.'s contribution to the Rivers of America series, "River of the Carolinas: The Santee," over half of the pages are devoted to colonial times in South Carolina, particularly to episodes of picturesque appeal such as the mystery of the Spanish explorer Captain Juan Pardo, the exploits of the Carolina pirates, Christopher Gadsden's Liberty Boys, and the battle of King's Mountain. Some of these episodes have only a tenuous connection with the Santee River. Interspersed with historical events are appealing and nostalgic descriptions of the South Carolina low country and its wealth of flora and fauna. In Mr. Savage's treatment of nature, too, his attitude is romantic and poetic rather than scientific.

Mr. Savage is not uncritical of certain phases of his state's history. Although he seems to regret the passing of "the vanished glory" of the rice plantations (the final blow was the great storm of 1893) he recognizes that the base of that privileged life, Negro slavery, has brought serious evils upon the South. His indictment of "King Cotton" is devastating, resembling a lawyer's brief which overstates the case. He condemns the great man of South Carolina, John C. Calhoun, for his fanatical championship of slavery and his inability to compromise. His portrayal of reconstruction in his state is a stereotype painted in the darkest of colors. He describes a public power project undertaken by the state in 1939 as "a monumental white elephant."

Of the transformation that rapid industrialization is accomplishing in South Carolina Mr. Savage writes with enthusiasm and pride. In analyzing the causes for the movement of Northern industry into the South he attributes great importance to the climate of opinion and feeling in this region toward new industry—"a genuine welcome from the community itself." He pays little attention to the Negroes of his region or to education or to the resurgence of South Carolina conservatism. But, after all, Mr. Savage's theme is a river and its civilization. He has written an optimistic book, the story of new life in an old commonwealth, the unbending of one of the most stubborn states.

A new balance of power within the nation is developing in the Southern states, and Mr. Savage's "The Santee" makes a contribution to the understanding of this significant movement. In the very new South, the author observes, "everything is on the move—cotton going west, cattle coming east, Negroes going north, and industries coming south."

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New England in the West

***"Wilderness for Sale," by Walter Havighurst** (Hastings House. 372 pp. $4.50), retells the story of the rush of settlement into Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois following the War of 1812. Our reviewer is Professor Philip D. Jordan, University of Minnesota, author of several books about the Midwest.*

By Philip D. Jordan

"WHAT'S the Ohio country like?" The wayfarer rubbed a stubbly chin. "Well, sir," he said, "the western country is woods an' misery, corn likker an' razorback hogs, growin' towns an' honeybee trees, an' more damned land than even a Yankee kin farm afore the Day of Judgment!"

Travelers, emigrants, and fever-shaking settlers, journeying through the back-of-beyond in those early decades of the nineteenth century when the nation was bursting its seams after the War of 1812 and was strutting westward arm-in-arm with Manifest Destiny, spoke and wrote and bragged and dreamed of land. There was lust in the eyes of movers who described the big woods of Ohio, the plains of Indiana, the rolling savannas of Illinois, the American Bottoms along the course of the Mississippi. Here, in the western country, lay the land of promise. This was destined as the heartland, a place securely rooted in the tenets of freedom, a haven where a man's cabin was his castle, a stronghold because commoners owned family-sized farms. Land was the goal, the mistress.

Throughout the Northwest Territory the rich, black earth lay in abundance, waiting for the plow edge to fold it back and for the seed that would come to autumn harvest. There was plenty of land, and it sold to plain men and women at bargain rates. The story of the land policy of the United States, with all its dramatic and colorful incidents and implications, has been unfolded repeatedly. Much of the history of Uncle Sam's nation was conditioned by the frontier, and the frontier was determined in part by the public domain. And it is this old, yet always new, tale of land and the frontier and the people on the land that Walter Havighurst spins in "Wilderness for Sale."

Here, once again, is charted the westward flow of people anxious to claim their heritage under the monumental ordinances of 1785 and 1787—the first, as every school boy learns, a land law for the Northwest Territory, and the second, of course, a program of government. The land law provided for a system of surveys, and the act of 1787, in addition to political machinery, emphasized personal freedoms. It is sometimes forgotten that the surveyor's chain made significant by the act of 1785 conquered the wilderness quite as much as did the long rifle. Land hunger and the restless itch of a new nationalism proved too much for Indian tribes which sought to preserve ancient hunting grounds and keep sacred the burial places of their dead. Treaty after treaty ate away tribal lands. Perhaps it is symbolic that the chiefs received treaty medals in the shape of tear drops.

With the removal of the Indian menace the triumphal invasion of the emigrant began. These frontiersmen, determined to recreate the West in the image and likeness of New England, swept over the Midwestern frontier. Their grit and energy and political know-how brought Ohio into the Union in 1803. They infused the spirit of Jacksonian democracy into Illinois and Hoosierland. They became builders of states and molders of opinion, Mr. Havighurst, with grace and penetration, shows the stalwart pioneers hammering together jerry-built towns on the Miami and Wabash, settling the Western Reserve, building Cincinnati, scheming treason on Blennerhassett Island, laying out the National Road, digging canals. And always and eternally these movers and settlers exerted pressure on the Government for cheaper land at easier terms. The purpose of the public lands, they argued, was to provide opportunity for the people and not to raise revenue for the Government. By 1840 the policy of lands for revenue was largely abandoned, and Mr. Havighurst says simply: "The spreading of settlement became more important than the raising of revenue, and the squatter changed from an outlaw to the American pioneer."

THIS explanation, although correct enough in a rough way, seems too simple and is tinctured with the exasperating romanticism that has stigmatized so much writing about the frontier, whether it be Ohio or Iowa

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The Return of the Maidens

THIS is written the day before the departure for Japan of nine young ladies out of a group of twenty-five who came to the United States from Hiroshima for plastic and reconstructive surgery. The treatment for the remaining girls will not be completed for another two months, at the end of which time the second group will leave.

It was a year and two months ago that the Hiroshima Maidens arrived at Mitchell Field in Long Island, New York. The last part of the air voyage had been somewhat turbulent and the girls looked pale and shaky as they stepped out of the U.S. Air Force plane that had been placed at their disposal by General J. E. Hull. It was an unseasonally chilly day and the girls huddled together at the foot of the steps to the plane, uncertain and visibly scared. You couldn't blame them. For most of them it was their first time on foreign soil. Ahead of them was the great unknown—the surgeons and the hospital and the strange homes. They carried their wardrobes, most of them, on their backs.

The contrasting image was furnished last month when the girls appeared at nurse's-aide graduation exercises at the American Red Cross. They had completed a special survey course in nursing given them at the Manhattan Center of the Red Cross and were now to receive their diplomas. They sat with their American "parents," radiating well-being and a sense of inner ease. They were neatly and attractively dressed; their hair and make-up was American college-girl style. Each girl walked up to receive her diploma from J. Harrison Heckman, Executive Director of the New York Chapter of the Red Cross, and returned to her seat with that look so well known to parents at graduation exercises—an expression compounded both of individual achievement and satisfaction at discharging one's obligations as part of a group.

Four nights earlier the girls had come together at a farewell meeting given by the New York Friends Center at the Friends Meeting House on East 15th Street. Some 300 Friends and friends of Friends came to pay their respects to their girls. Among the Americans were the families with whom the girls had lived in the communities near New York. Though most of the girls had changed their homes four to six times during the year because of the insistence of many Friends that they be allowed to join in the program, the ties to the American families have grown strong and deep. Especially has this been true where there have been children in the home. Given their choice of things to do, most of the girls have preferred to stay home so long as the family was there too.

Here, at the Friends Meeting House, the girls heard Arnold Vaught, Executive Director, C. Frank Ortloff, Senior Vice President, and Ida Day, who has been hospitality coordinator for the Friends, speak of their feelings about the project. A single theme ran through their talks. The purpose of this meeting, they said, was to thank the Hiroshima Maidens for one of the richest and most meaningful experiences of their lives. Dr. Arthur J. Barsky, chief surgeon, spoke of his hope that surgical and medical help could be provided to the people of all ages in Hiroshima and Nagasaki who are still suffering from the injuries caused by the atomic bombings eleven years ago. (Dr. Barsky and his associates, Dr. Bernard Simon and Dr. Sidney Kahn, have so far performed 125 separate operations on the Maidens.) Dr. William M. Hitzig, who has looked after the general health of the girls, reported that they were all in excellent condition and spirits. The doctor has a gift for vivid description and told of the girls' flying visit to Washington at cherry blossom time on a trip arranged by Mrs. Jack Howard of the project committee.

Downstairs, at the reception following the meeting, the "parents" exchanged notes with each other about their experiences during the year. One of them told of the time her girl returned from the hospital following a second operation that freed her fingers and hands from the contractions and deformation caused by the burns. The girl went upstairs, got a drawing pad and pencil, went outside and sketched the landscape in front of the house. In the days that followed her interest in art continued and her proficiency increased. A nationally-known artist who lived nearby said the girl showed considerable promise; a scholarship was arranged at one of the country's leading art schools.

ANOTHER Quaker could speak of a similar experience of her girl. The reconstructive surgery had been successful and the girl took up drawing and painting. A scholarship was provided at the local art association. After a few months the girl did a painting at the fall sidewalk show of the Friends. The painting was sold on its merits. The girl asked for the privilege of turning the money over to the Mt. Sinai Hospital, which has been the medical headquarters of the project and which has provided free beds, treatment, and facilities for the girls. The offer was gratefully accepted.

Then there was the story of another girl who was determined to learn Braille typewriting so that she might work with the blind after her return to Japan. Each of the Maidens is given a small monthly allowance for pin-money. This girl has saved every cent in order to make a gift of a Braille typewriter for a school for the blind in Hiroshima. She has also developed a remarkable proficiency with the English language, discussing with her parents matters such as religion in America, the structure of government in the United States, and the philosophy of a democratic society.

One of the Quakers has a friend who is a professional maker of jewelry.

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Twice a week she has been giving two of the girls lessons in ceramic jewelry-making; and she states her belief that they will be able to do this professionally on their return to Japan. The girls hope to be able to buy a kiln and other modest equipment. Samples of their work have already been sent to Hiroshima in order to ascertain the possibility of a market for their work. What has especially impressed the teacher is the girls' abilities in original ceramic design.

Another girl is looking forward to a job in an importing firm in Hiroshima. Before she left for the U.S. she was told that if she could learn to type in English she would be given a highly responsible secretarial job on her return. Her American "parent" enrolled her in secretarial classes in the local high school. After only a month or so the parent was informed by school authorities that the girl had received the highest grades in typing in the class. These grades have been maintained despite long absences when the girl has been in the hospital. Since each girl requires an average of four or five operations, and since each visit to the hospital lasts from ten days to two weeks, the absences from school add up to a considerable portion of the school year. But this girl, like the many others who have been attending American schools, has managed to keep up with her studies.

There is hardly a girl who hasn't developed some skill that cannot be put to use vocationally later. One girl has been studying to be a beautician. In addition to attending beauty school, she has been working with a local hairdresser. The attractive hair-dos of the entire Hiroshima Maidens contingent is no accident. This girl has become the hairdresser to the project; she is in constant demand. Another girl, now that the full use of her arms has been restored, has taken to custom tailoring. She has been making jackets in the height of fashion for the other girls and for the female members of her American family. Several other girls, their fingers completely freed, have been learning to play the piano.

Even more important, perhaps, than the vocational training and activities have been the home and community experiences of the girls. Almost every "parent" tells of the enthusiastic delight of the girls in being able to join with other members of the family in the many things that make the American home something approaching a traffic center. One Quaker reports that her girl is completely caught up in ping pong, volley ball, extracurricular school work, and church activities. In addition, she likes to sew, work around the house, and play with the children. With another Hiroshima Maiden who lives nearby, she puts on programs for the neighbors about various aspects of life in Japan.

From all of the foregoing it may be observed that the project has involved rehabilitation in its broadest aspects. In fact, the doctors have been insistent from the first on the need for a rounded program that would give full importance to the psychological and emotional health of the girls. The doctors are therefore deeply pleased when they hear from the Quakers, as they did in a letter recently, that their girl "has opened out like a flower." And messages from the families in Japan all remark at the new assurance and obvious sense of enjoyment of life that are reflected in the letters to them from the girls. "Our girl has come out into the sunshine for the first time in her life," one of the Japanese parents has written.

These girls will not return to Japan completely freed of their scars. Miraculous though modern plastic surgery may be, it cannot completely restore shattered faces to their original condition. It can do wonders in terms of restoring facial functions—replacing eyelids that have been burned away; reconstructing portions of the face such as lips which do not move properly; facilitating jaw movements and thus improving speech and mastication; removing much of the pulpy mass left by either burn or radiation; liberating neck muscles which prevent a head from turning. All these Dr. Barsky and his staff have been able to do, but they make no claim to a complete eradication of serious disfiguration.

THE girls understand this. And they also know the value of being able to use fingers that had been bent back on their wrists or twisted out of shape. And they know what it is to be able to move an arm that had been held rigid because of injury to the elbow. Or to be able to eat without being fed, to bend one's head towards the plate, or to turn it in order to take part in family table conversation, or to hold it erect, physically and symbolically. And, most of all, they know the value of acceptance and affection and of being able to develop one's abilities to the fullest. The same girl who early in the project told the surgeons not to worry about the fact that they couldn't give her a new face because "something has already healed here inside" later volunteered to forego additional surgery in order to spend more time at school. She pointed to her head. "What it knows inside will be more important than what shows outside,"

Please do not think from this that everything concerned with the project has been carried out solemnly or with a self-conscious realization of any symbolic value it may have. There has been both the time and occasion for sheer joy and fun. A month ago, for example, Dr. Hitzig arranged for a full day's outing for the girls and their American families, including a boat trip around the island of Manhattan as the guests of the New York City Police Department, a dinner party at a New York restaurant, and reserved seats at a night baseball game between the Giants and Dodgers. It was a full day and a happy one, marred only by the absences of Helen Yokoyama, ill at the time, who has served as nurse-interpreter-confidant to the girls; of Mrs. Edward Benenson, project secretary and coordinator, who was in the hospital herself with a new baby; and of four Maidens who were recuperating from or scheduled for surgery.

Baseball being as much a national pastime in Japan as it is here, the girls did not have to be briefed about what was happening on the field. When Sandy Amoros broke a tie in the fourth inning by blasting a triple against the right-field screen the girls leaped to their feet in unrestrained joy. And as the Dodgers continued to pile up runs it almost seemed as though the universe were fulfilling itself.

The few Hiroshima Maidens who favored the Giants never despaired. In the ninth inning, the first two Giants went down in order. Then Don Mueller singled to left. Even before the ball was returned to the infield the Giant-supporting Maidens were on their feet.

"Here we go! Here we go!" one of them shouted.

"Yoshie," I said. "It is the ninth inning and the Giants are six runs behind."

"But there are only two outs," she sang back. "Here we go! Here we go!"

The girls go home without Tomoko Nakabayashi, whose heart stopped during an operation three weeks ago. Tomoko's death brought infinite sadness but it brought no defeatism to the girls. Indeed, the tragedy has given them increased awareness of their capacity to conquer great difficulties. They have a full sense, too, of the challenge remaining in Japan itself—the spotlight of public interest that will continue to be thrown on them; their position as interpreters of America; the problems of personal readjustment in terms of home and community. But they have confidence in themselves and they welcome the new role they have come to occupy as emissaries between two peoples. Finally, they have a sense of direction and purpose and are, we believe, on their way to becoming great ladies.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NOT SO INDIVIDUAL, BUT HAPPIER?

WATSON GORDON writes so well regarding the American craftsman [*SR* Apr. 14] that it is difficult to take issue with him. It is easy to become nostalgic over the independence and dignity of the old-time individual craftsman, but I am glad that we can now enjoy a standard of living that was not possible under the economy of his time. I, too, belong to the older generation and can recall many of the conditions that Mr. Gordon describes. With me this also includes a vivid remembrance of how grandfather lived and the discomforts and poverty that attended the period pre-Henry Ford. We may have lost some individuality but in the process are better clothed and fed, better educated, and, I believe, happier as the result of it.

Mr. Gordon also seems concerned about the impact of the small stockholder in American business. I have recently completed a long service with one of our largest corporations during the last years of which one of my important responsibilities was stockholder relations. The interest shown by our smaller shareholders, with a few exceptions, was stimulating to management and proved helpful in net result. They, along with the larger shareholders, are fairly represented by any competent board of directors. They need no special pleading in the affairs of the company beyond a constant awareness by management that they are important partners in the enterprise. With such recognition they are bound to be an offsetting factor to such things as the political influence of organized labor in the years ahead.

FRANK W. ABRAMS, *former chairman, Standard Oil Company (N.J.).*

New York, N.Y.

KEEP STOCKHOLDERS INFORMED

I AGREE FULLY with Mr. Gordon's emphasis on the small stockholder. The number of shareholders in American industry is growing, and the number of small stockholders need to have a better understanding of the corporations in which they hold shares. This is a public-relations job which no large corporation can afford to overlook.

HARRY A. BULLIS, *chairman of the board, General Mills, Inc.*

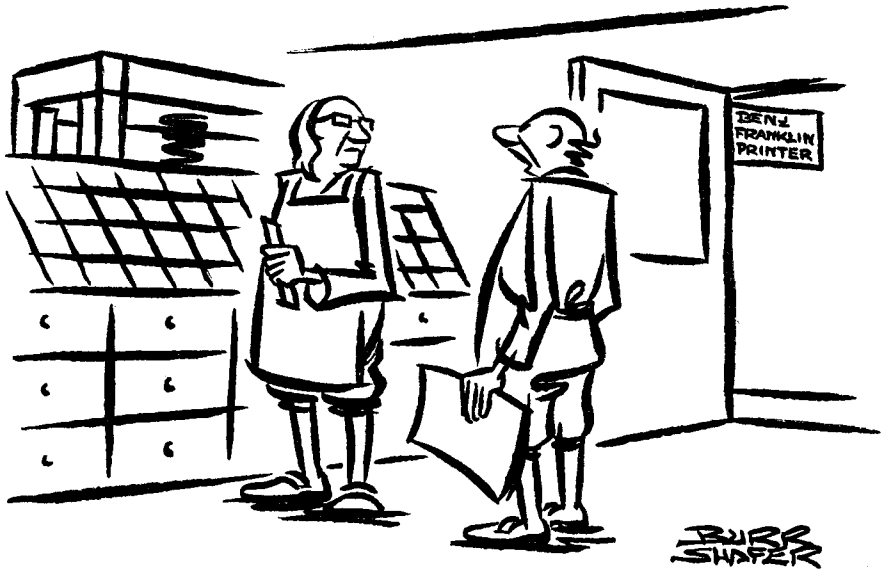
Minneapolis, Minn.

MORE STOCKHOLDERS

I MUST CONFESS that I do not share Mr. Gordon's feeling of danger in the growing role of the small stockholders in American business. On the contrary, I feel that because of the disappearance of the traditional sources of capital because of the tremendous increase in tax rates the future expansion of our economy rests on the development of a greater number of small stockholders. Furthermore, it has been my belief that in recent years the type of materials furnished stockholders is such that we can expect a growing number of intelligent and well-informed stockholders acting in the best interests of their organizations.

EDWARD T. MCCORMICK, *president, American Stock Exchange.*

New York, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I appreciate everything you've done for me, Mr. Franklin, but I've found I can do better in public relations."

DISTRIBUTION OF PROFITS

AS I UNDERSTAND Gordon's chief point, the appearance of the small stockholder may be debilitating to effective business operations primarily because such stockholders have "no measuring sticks for the various allotments of money for such things as manufacturing development and research, reserves, stock bonuses, and other items requiring expert knowledge, or which are open to opinion." Since the small stockholder is uncertain about his place in the scheme of things he is inclined to withhold his support, without which management can be badly hurt. Circumstances I have observed fail to confirm these fears. Lethargy, perhaps more than disapproval, is responsible for the difficulties managements experience in acquiring proxy approval.

I would be inclined to go part way with Mr. Gordon, however. Modern management has in a sense two main tasks. One is efficiently to produce and sell a product, thus building gross revenues. The second is the distribution of those gross revenues among the various claimants. The cost of production is one of the most tyrannical of those claimants, but a good deal of latitude remains in management's hands with respect to decisions regarding reinvestment, changes in dividend rates, in labor rates, and in lowered prices that would distribute part of the fruits back to the public. Somewhat less basic decisions are made with regard to the level of selling effort, including advertising, etc. There are very few reliable criteria available to management in making many of these decisions, especially where the human factor is predominant. Management is acquiring professional competence, however, in the sense that the art of administration is gradually emerging from action that could be described as arbitrary and capricious.

Unlike Mr. Gordon, I would like to see a great growth in the number of small stockholders, accompanied by a greater understanding of the nature of the key role that is now played by professional managers in our society.

COURTNEY C. BROWN, *dean, Columbia Graduate School of Business.*

New York, N.Y.

TREAD ON TROD

THE GOOD OLD PAST participle "tread." "Publishers occasionally rush in where editors—if not angels—have tread too often," wrote J. R. Cominsky [*SR* June 2]. It is nice to see this old past participle turning up again. Once it and "treden" were the only ones used. Then the illiterate usurpers "trod" and "trodden" came in and during the last several centuries got themselves accepted even by literates. But here's "tread" again.

ATCHESON L. HENCH, *University of Virginia.*

Charlottesville, Va.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Everybody Dies

THE message of **"Rififi,"** a startling French movie, is that crime does not pay. Indeed, it pays so badly that the familiar message seems raised to the level of a near-cosmic principle. When four Parisians plan and execute a daring jewel robbery with precision it looks for a while as though they're all going to lead a life of leisure and luxury, but then the remorseless fates swing into action, and one by one the boys are picked off. Everybody dies, quite horribly. Not only does the robber gang die, but a rival gang, attempting to make off with the loot, gets it too. I counted eight corpses by the end of the picture (give or take a corpse), and since each death consumes a considerable amount of footage I would say this film is distinctly not for the nervous.

Evidently Mickey Spillanism has spread to France, for the movie bears marks of influence. Guns are fired with deadly *splats,* women get beaten, and men know what happens if they squeal. "You know the rules," Tony says, to his confederate, Cesar, who has just been tortured into revealing some essential information to the rival gang. Cesar nods, fatalistically. And so *splat* goes Tony's gun, and that's the end of Cesar. Tony didn't like to do it—but rules are rules.

Jules Dassin, an American director, was imported for "Rififi," and not only has he brought with him some American characteristics to the French crime film, but he has made use of some French realism and logic to show exactly how four clever, resourceful, and unscrupulous fellows can make off with $500,000 worth of jewels. The staging of the theft is probably one of the cleverest and most suspenseful sequences done lately in this genre. For about half an hour, while the four men work away at their trade, the screen is silent, as befits such surreptitious work. The operation is shown so graphically that Tiffany's may well want to post an extra guard for a time. Should anyone be in doubt about the meaning of the title there is inserted a song-and-dance number in a night-club that explains it. You see, "Rififi" means something about a guy with a gun and a terrible attractiveness for women, and . . . well, read Spillane and give it a French accent. Aside from this foolish stuff there is remarkably capable acting by Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, and none other than the director, M. Dassin, who is seen as Cesar. "Rififi" is a curiosity, but a facinating one.

* * *

"That Certain Feeling" has been adapted from the Broadway comedy "King of Hearts," which had a good deal more crispness and liveliness than its movie counterpart. Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, who have notable senses of humor of their own, were faced with the problem of tailoring the play for Bob Hope. This means that they have substituted broad farce for sharp-edged wit, with a corresponding dilution of a story that was not too substantial to begin with. Bob Hope is seen as a "ghost" for a cartoonist, the stuffy cartoonist is played by George Sanders, and Eva Marie Saint is the girl. They all work hard, but somehow the vehicle never does quite get off the ground.

* * *

Just why anyone would want to remake "Four Feathers" in this day and age is a mystery too deep for me to solve. It's around now as **"Storm Over the Nile,"** a British film that stars Anthony Steel and Laurence Harvey as two of the people who trade white feathers back and forth. Upper lips are stiff, hearts are brave and pure, and the flag of empire still waves stoutly. R. C. Sheriff has added some touches of wit to the screenplay, and the direction—surprisingly good for such an old turkey—is by Terence Young and Zoltan Korda. The story, you may remember, has to do with the Fuzzy Wuzzies who caused the British some trouble in Egypt. Mr. Steel is the recipient of the white feathers and returns them, one by one, until all are convinced that he is the bravest of the brave. He puts up, I must say, a jolly good show.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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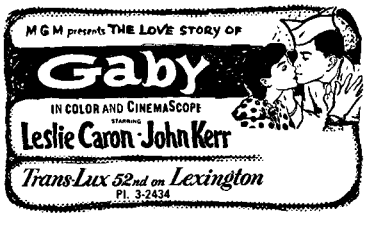

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Old and New in Stockholm

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

FOR ITS fourth manifestation, as the European term has it, the Stockholm Festival of 1956 is pursuing a pattern that might well attract the attention of other cities which think of the muse as a must. It is a kind of concentric one, containing a festival within a festival: namely the thirtieth annual convocation of the ISCM (International Society for Contemporary Music), which moves about the world like the *Flying Dutchman*, rarely visiting the same spot twice. Balancing it are the conventional kinds of operas, ballets, and concerts, so if you don't like where music is going you can always go back and hear where it came from.

As a reminder for those who might be inclined to the dogmatic in one direction or the other, Wagner's "Meistersinger"—with its preachment of tolerance for the new as well as respect for the old—was a suitably symbolic choice for the festival-opening function in the Royal Opera House. A subordinate curiosity was the question whether the Swedish text could swerve the music from its appointed course, and, even more subordinate, whether Set Svanholm, who becomes the director of the Opera on July 1, is any the better or worse a Walther von Stolzing for knowing where his next role (well-buttered) is coming from.

The brief answers are that Wagner in Swedish is still Wagner, just as Mozart in Danish is Mozart, whether called "Figaro's Bryllop" or not; and that Svanholm can probably go on singing, in this smallish theatre, for years to come. Not too well, perhaps, but loudly. Of rather more consequence was the substantial absence of an audience, the local folk apparently declining the opportunity to pay festival prices for the kind of "Meistersinger" they hear all the time, and not enough others being interested to fill more than a third of the 1,500 or so seats.

There might have been occasion for thoughtful regret had the performance been better, but it is hard to say that anything important was missed by those who stayed away. Sixten Ehrling is a methodical, painstaking conductor, his orchestra fills the intimate theatre with mostly good sound, and the production, though small-scaled, is reasonably attractive. But Svanholm's days of illusion as Walther are over, and Sigurd Bjoerling (a far better singer in this theatre than he was in the Metropolitan) must be a fine shoemaker, for his Sachs is not much of a poet. Sven-Erik Vikstroem could go far as David if he sang it in the international German, and Erik Saeden, the guest Pogner, has all the mannerisms familiar to goldsmiths, Wagner style. The various guildsmen, including the unconventionally tall Beckmesser of Anders Naeslund, were commendable as character studies, but dramatic life or emotional pulse was missing.

In prospect it seemed that something of the sort might be provided by Aase Nordmo-Lövberg, a Norwegian soprano highly regarded in Scandinavia. What she may do later in the week as Elisabetta in Verdi's "Don Carlos" remains to be heard, but she was a spotty vocalist as Eva and not a particularly appealing actress. She is a musical singer and her voice has some pretty colors, also rough spots in the middle, where the bloom is gone In the broad range of Isolde this might not matter, but the fine detail of Eva's lyric line gave her more than a little difficulty. Taken all together this was a "Meistersinger" without master singers, singular or plural.

IN THE same theatre on the following night the Festival produced another kind of classic: this time the tautly rhythmic "Le Sacre du Printemps" of Stravinsky (locally known as "Vøroffer"), in a staging by Leonid Massine. There was a time in the mid-Twenties when the Suedoisballet was something of consequence in the dance world, and it may be assumed that Massine's participation (he also put on two of his famous *genre* masterworks: "Three Cornered Hat" and "Gaite Parisienne") is part of a bid to restore to Sweden some of the balletic supremacy which for Scandinavia is now based in Copenhagen.

Actually, if the present Swedish Ballet could give back to Massine all that he has put into his vitalization of the great Stravinsky score it might have a *tour de force* to rival the fine "Petrouchka" seen in Copenhagen. For what Massine has evolved out of his own musicality, his experience with the original performance in Paris forty-odd years ago, and the balletic wisdom derived from the celebrated series of symphonies done for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, is a cumulative dance-drama of fine momentum and variety.

Among the elements involved are a contrapuntal or contramuscular design in six parts that begins with the first tableaux and carries through to the end. Essentially an ensemble work, it profits from a dynamic, well-disciplined performance by Mariane Orlando of the "Chosen Virgin" around whom the sacrificial rites center. On the other hand, the patterns of movement were far from unanimous as danced by the ensemble, some of the movements from one section to another accomplished with no particular regard for Stravinsky's score.

On the whole this provided, in the powerful direction by Ehrling, the most vividly barbaric aspect of the whole. The large orchestra overflowed into neighboring boxes (for the percussion) but the essential rhythmic accent was maintained. The Roerich designs struck me as rather flatly picturesque in this rendering, the costuming rather freshly laundered and antiseptic for the properly savage character of the whole. As an experience, however, it left little doubt that "Le Sacre" is a grand and powerful ballet score which needs only a fully-integrated performance of Massine's choreography to make it three dimensional.

So far as can be determined from the two concerts to date not much that has happened musically since 1914 has carried Sweden beyond Stravinsky's massive milestone. In one program Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt of Hamburg directed a chamber orchestra in works of Rudolf Kelterborn (Switzerland), Dusan Radic (Yugoslavia), Sven Erik Bäck (a local composer), Ahti Sonninen (Finland), and Nils Viggo Bentzon (Denmark). This coincided with the "Meistersinger," and I did not attend. In a chamber-music program the next afternoon (played in the intimate but elegantly appointed Small Hall of the Concert House), Henri Martelli's second quartet was finely played by his French compatriots of the Parrenin Quartet as was Hilding Rosenberg's fourth quartet by his Swedish contemporaries, the Kyndel Quartet. Between was a pompously empty "Kontra-Punkte" by Karlheinz Stockhausen of Germany for a mixed ensemble of eleven, a choral motet by Anton Heiller of Austria, even a sonata by Leifur of Iceland.

Like too many anecdotes, so much modern music tends to cancel the appeal of any particular example, especially—unlike the better anecdotes—when they are mostly too long and insufficiently to the point.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Americana

Continued from page 25

or Colorado or California. Sectionalism, internal improvements, states' rights, nullification—all these worked their will and played insidious and obvious roles in the making of a land policy. The land rush, which this volume delineates vividly, was a segment of a larger frame of reference—one that transcended the Buckeye country and was part and parcel of the growth of national institutions and the developing American mind. Yet the opening of the Northwest always will loom large in the annals of the nation, and Mr. Havighurst retells the story with captivating zest and enthusiasm.

OLD DOMINION VIEW: The posture of a Virginian facing the present, or even the future, with head resolutely and pridefully turned to a bygone era has always been a wondrous sight. The contortion has not been well understood, but now it is lovingly described by a native son, Marshall W. Fishwick of Washington and Lee University, in **"The Virginia Tradition"** (Public Affairs Press, $2.50). Residents of the Old Dominion face backwards, he finds, because "they are still tightly, inextricably bound by theories of aristocracy, Anglophilism, white supremacy, hero and ancestor worship, and the force of a gloriously remembered past."

The romanticism of the past as a force blocking social change is one of the check marks of a stagnant culture. This is especially evident in Tidewater Virginia, where history came to a halt in 1776, and its present-day residents live off the fat of a restored Colonialism that is stuffed by Yankee tourist dollars. The halt in 1776, of course, was not quite final: that occurred in 1865. And, as Professor Fishwick points out, "The War Between the States destroyed Virginia's hope of political and social dominion; but it only accentuated the nostalgia for former glory."

This nostalgia, which is chiefly centered in Tidewater and Eastern Virginia, has fitted rather neatly into the pattern of economic and social backwardness in the Shenandoah Valley and the mountain area around Roanoke. The over-all result has been to produce a Cavalier culture of good breeding, good manners, good family, heroic heroes, genteel women, and aristocratic men that has dominated the state for a hundred years. This is a self-contained culture and tailor-made to resist intrusion. But once intrusion begins, as it has since 1945, Cavalier culture shows its fragile side.

The encrusted nature of this culture affects even its more learned spokesmen, such as Professor Fishwick, when they come to consider the New South. "Segregation," he asserts flatly, "is the workable and working solution, regardless of Supreme Court decisions. The only people who can understand this are the people actually involved."

It is this inelastic philosophy that is the core of the Virginia tradition gone to seed, and it helps to explain why a constant posture of looking backward creates a pride in contortion that is truly false.

—ALDEN WHITMAN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE FACE THAT KILLS *William Fuller* (Dell: 25¢)	Florida slayer breaks loose, spreads terror as law gives chase; guns pop on both sides.	Pace holds well outside of personal-history summaries; promiscuity abundant.	Plus mark.
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Boston lady bookseller dithered as poison fells female fellow citizen; Yale song echoes Korean War in Harvard territory.	Strictly from formula, and highly involute; characters stretched to fit Procrustean couch; pace suffers accordingly.	Author's 31st.
THE KEYS OF MY PRISON *Frances Shelley Wees* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Toronto lady baffled as injured hubby sprouts new personality; Dr. J. Merrill hears echo of old murder.	Psychological factors paramount in yarn that involves large cast, numerous flashbacks into principals' ancestry.	Tortuous no end.
NO SLIGHTEST WHISPER *Dean Evans* (Abelard-Schuman: $2.75)	Arnold Weir, Reno eye, takes on ex-bootlegger client; corpses develop as in brave days of old.	Car follows car; cops and shamus at odds; much benzedrene consumed before justice triumphs.	Orthodox.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Books for Young People

—"Pigeon, Fly Home!"

WITH the recent announcements of more children's book awards one is tempted to paraphrase the familiar Biblical verse and to say that "of the giving of awards there seems no end." However, it is appropriate that books with outstanding qualities be recognized and that through awards authors, artists, and their editors are encouraged to continue making fine books for children.

The Herald Tribune Spring Book Festival awards were presented to "Lion," by William Pène du Bois (Viking) for the picture-book age, to "Beaver Water," by Rutherford G. Montgomery (World), for the eight-to-twelve-year olds, and to "Cold Hazard," by Richard Armstrong (Houghton Mifflin), for older boys and girls.

The William Allen White Children's Book award for 1956 was given to "Brighty of the Grand Canyon," by Marguerite Henry (Rand McNally), and the German juvenile book prize for younger children, awarded by the Interior Department in Bonn, was won by "The Happy Lion," by Louise Fatio (Whittlesey House in the United States, Herder & Co. in Germany).

Reviewers for this issue: Leone F. Garvey, Supervisor Boys and Girls Department, Berkeley, Calif., Public Library; Sarah Jones, Chief Library Consultant, Georgia State Department of Education; Rosemary E. Livsey, Director, Work with Children, Los Angeles Public Library; Margaret Mahon, Children's Librarian, Greenville, S. C., Public Library; Mildred Phipps, Supervisor, Work with Children, Pasadena, Calif., Public Library; and Ruth Hill Viguers, Lecturer, School of Library Science, Simmons College.

—Frances Lander Spain, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

THE HOUSE OF FOUR SEASONS. *By Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $2.50. Father and mother, Billy and Suzy each wanted to paint their old house in the country a different color to match the season he liked best. Finally father showed them by spinning a color card that each would have the color he wanted if they painted the house white. Little children will love to pick out the changing details of house and yard as they are shown in seasonal settings. Brilliant end papers and bright colors make this a gay picture book. —F. L. S.

KENNY'S WINDOW. *By Maurice Sendak. Illustrated by the author. Harper.* $2. Maurice Sendak, who has illustrated such books as "A Hole Is to Dig," "A Very Special House," and "Tin Whistle," now turns to writing. His first book has an original theme and an elusive dreamlike quality which will appeal to imaginative children when read aloud.

Kenny dreamed of a beautiful garden. There he met a rooster who gave him seven questions to answer. Kenny asked if he might live in the garden but woke up before the rooster answered. When he finds the questions written on a piece of paper Kenny decides to find the answers with the help of his teddy bear, his dog, and two lead soldiers. In doing so he discovers many new things within himself and in the world outside his window and realizes he has lost his desire to return to the garden. There are other more important things ahead.

The illustrations in soft gray and brown have the same imaginative and poetic quality as the text.

—Mildred R. Phipps.

I WILL TELL YOU OF A TOWN. *By Alastair Reid. Illustrated by W. Lorraine. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.25. Taking the reader by the hand the author attempts to let him hear and feel the heartbeat of one particular little town, a fishing village, somewhere—anywhere. One watches as the day breaks, sees the first stirring of the inhabitants, follows the fishermen to the boats, the children off to school, the housewives to market. And watches the day come to its close. A poet and an artist-book designer join forces to present this exquisite little volume, for which the word "precious" comes to mind. It is a quiet tale, contains no drama, no excitement, and yet it is a small slice of life. The illustrations in delicate black-and-white, a few with splashes of pastels, are completely captivating. The publishers suggest that the book is intended for ages four to eight, but it is surely for a limited audience in this age group. Adults will probably enjoy it more than the children. —Leone F. Garvey.

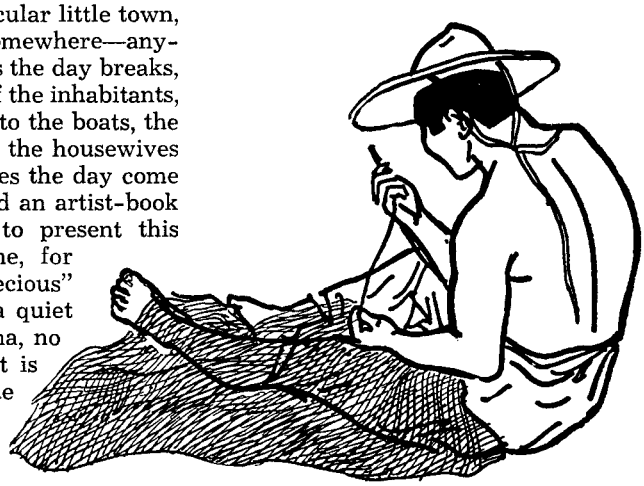
HIDE AND SEEK. *By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Genevieve Vaughan-Jackson. Pantheon.* $2. Children who know and love the beautiful prose and poetry of Elizabeth Coatsworth will delight in this latest book, which describes real and imaginary places where a little boy might hide—in a robin's nest, in the hay, or in some cocoon. The charming and rhythmic verses lend themselves to reading aloud to small children, who will find added enjoyment in the two-color illustrations. This small book has pasteboard covers with a cloth spine.

—Sarah Jones.

ROSINA COPPER, MYSTERY MARE. *By Kitty Barne. Illustrated by Gerald McCann. Dutton.* $2.75. Surely, no more lovable and captivating a character ever stepped through the pages of a book than the mystery mare whose unique and remarkable story is so warmly and sympathetically here portrayed. Almost as remarkable as the mare is the young woman Meg, who believed in Rosina Copper enough to take her, a "derelict nag" at least fifteen years old, and through constant care and training restored her beauty and vitality to such an extent that twenty years later she gave birth to a foal and continued to win honors in horse shows throughout England! Angela, whom Meg lets share in Copper's training, tells the story, which is all the more astounding because it is true. This is a story that horse lovers will take to their hearts.

—Margaret Mahon.

THE GOLDEN BIRD. *By Shannon Garst. Illustrated by Panos Ghikas. Hough-*



—*From "The Golden Bird."*

". . . struggle between traditional and modern way of life."

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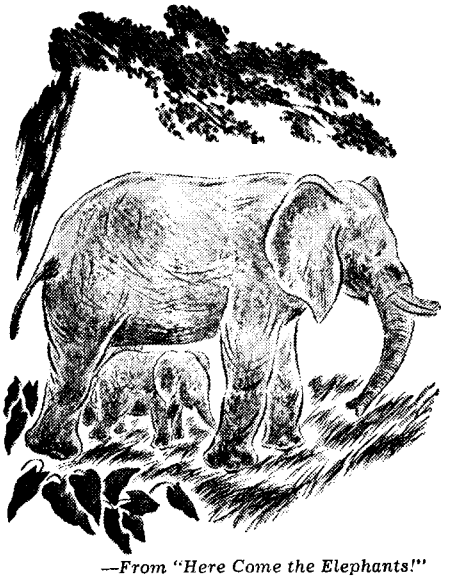


—From "Here Come the Elephants!"

". . . the growing up of two elephant[s]."

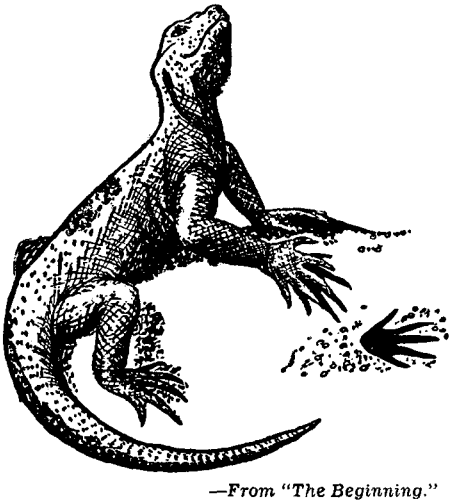
ton Mifflin. $2.25. Tara, a descendant of proud Tarascan Indians, enjoys life in a remote Mexican village, but he is not content to follow family tradition and become an artist in decorating fine lacquer ware. His heart's desire is to own a burro and see the world, even Mexico City. Hard work earns him his burro, Diablo, and what a burro! Near famine sends him on his journey with the Golden Bird bowl, a family treasure, to bring him luck. This delightful and sensitive story for children from nine to eleven illustrates the struggle between the traditional and the modern way of life. In discovering what his heart's desire really is Tara grows in appreciation of the values of each culture. The drawings are decorative and appropriate. —S. J.

EIGHT RINGS ON HIS TAIL. *By John Oldrin. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Viking.* $2.50. This is a Round Meadow story of a family of four healthy baby raccoons, but especially the adventures of independent Patches, who boasted eight rings on his tail. Mr. Oldrin, an observer, not a professional naturalist, tells with personal delight the story of Patches, whose naive curiosity leads him into adventures difficult to cope with, but not beyond the ingenuity and native adaptability of a persistent young animal. Patches remains well within the boundaries of the animal world, although Mr. Oldrin shares his knowledge of the limitations of the young raccoon's inexperience with his young readers, who after reading the book will astound their adult friends with new-found raccoon information. A raccoon enthusiast should not miss the enthralling experience of reading, as well, "The Masked Prowler," by John and Jean George. —Rosemary E. Livsey.

HERE COME THE ELEPHANTS! and **HERE COME THE LIONS!** *By Alice E. Goudey. Illustrated by Garry MacKenzie. Scribner's. Each* $2.25. Companion volumes to "Here Come the Bears!" and "Here Come the Deer!" these two new titles tell of the growing up of four lion cubs, four puma kittens, and two elephant calves. The same simple text, narrative style, and descriptive illustrations make these animal families as real to younger children as the bears and the deer already are. —F. L. S.

STAMP COLLECTOR'S GUIDE. *Written and illustrated by Harry Zarchy. Knopf.* $3.50. Mr. Zarchy, who has written many books on the hobbies that children enjoy, here presents an excellent introduction to one of the most popular and fascinating of hobbies. A very brief history of stamps and postal systems leads into the discussion of kinds of stamps, preparation of stamps for the album, and how to use stamp catalogues. A dictionary of philatelic names and overprints, stamp identification table, glossary, index, and photographs of stamps are especially useful to the beginning collector. —F. L. S.

PIGEON, FLY HOME. *By Thomas Liggett. Illustrated by Marc Simont. Holiday House.* $2.75. Here is a book made to order for pigeon fanciers and for all boys who love creatures. A most appealing protagonist is Leyden, the swiftest, smartest pigeon in Chad Smith's loft. Adding interest to the story is the Fort James Racing Pigeon Association with the boy members and their flocks together with the raising and racing of pigeons. Surely, after reading this book one will never again look upon a flock of pigeons in flight without admiration mixed with pity and hope for a safe return home. For in spite of the glorious sweep and thrill of flight the air for pigeons is filled with danger—falcons and hawks, wind and rain and fog. There is tragedy in this story, but also courage and a boy's adjustment and acceptance. For boys eleven to fifteen. —L. G.



—From "The Beginning."

". . . the puzzle of creation."

MARGED: The Story of a Welsh Girl in America. *By Florence Musgrave. Illustrated by Arline K. Thomson. Farrar, Straus.* $2.75. Florence Musgrave has keen character analysis, a touch of homespun humor, and the right amount of action in this story of a Welsh girl who settles in this country with her family in the beginnings of the 1900s. The reader will be instinctively drawn to each member of the family: Dada, fun-loving and boyish; Mama, gentle and calm; Tommy, the baby; Gran'ma, straight-laced and domineering; and Marged, who has the combined characters of her elders. Marged and Gran'ma often come into conflict because Gran'ma can't seem to understand Marged's desire for fun. But a heartbreaking tragedy which they are forced to share brings about mutual understanding, and they face the future together with courage and confident love. —M. M.

THE FIRE AND THE GOLD. *By Phyllis A. Whitney. Crowell.* $2.75. Nineteen-year-old Melora returned to her San Francisco home from an Eastern visit determined to confess that her engagement to a most eligible young man was only a scheme they had evolved to stop their families' eternal matchmaking. But at home she found a state of emergency existing, much of the city in flames, and her own family "camping" in a crowded park. Suddenly her personal problems seemed too small to mention.

This is an absorbing story of San Francisco after the earthquake. Melora and her family and friends are very much alive, her growth as a person convincing, and the legendary courage and humor of the people who rebuilt San Francisco are very real. —Ruth Hill Viguers.

THE BEGINNING: Creation Myths Around the World. *By Marie Leach. Illustrations by Jan Bell Fairservice. Funk & Wagnalls.* $3.50. Through the ages man has sought an answer to the puzzle of creation. This book, which contains a collection of translated and retold stories of creation, will be an important addition to folklore literature. In the first chapter Miss Leach, a distinguished folklorist, relates changing scientific beliefs about the creation to mythological concepts. The myths, representing selections from many countries and many cultures and presented with vitality and sensitivity, will appeal to the junior-high-school age. The black-and-white illustrations enrich the text. —S. J.

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Fiction

Continued from page 16

vaguely trying to have faith in their own civilization. They too are homesick for a country they have never known, where manners, skins, and languages fit peaceably together. Both races in Mr. Jacobson's novel are hunted and shamed in their own country, the one by pity, the other by guilt. The individuals of either race flush up with righteousness only in those intimate moments of urgent need for moral respect.

The racial themes in this novel may, thus, be only marginally acceptable in the sections of the United States where the book would be most keenly appreciated. But Mr. Jacobson hangs his racial themes on a taut story line, and his novel can be read on its own narrative merits outside either the Black Belt or the Abolition Plateaus. Indeed, the novel has the two prerequisites for success in contemporary literature: it tells of exciting events, and it provides the reader with an imagined wish-frustration.

Only two or three of the characters are drawn at full length. The rest appear in quick, grotesque sketches, done with a quality and uninhibited skill that often reminds one of Daumier or Goya.

PALS THROUGH THE YEARS: Out beyond the California surf line one summer day in the mid-1930s two boys crouched on their surfboards, waiting for the big one. Every ninth wave was steeper than the others, and the ninth ninth was the biggest wave of all. That was the one they waited for.

In a big rough-and-tumble first novel appropriately entitled **"The Ninth Wave"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.95) Eugene Burdick follows the careers of these two boys as they watch for the main chance and prepare to ride it in. The novel takes them to Stanford, to war, and onto the crest of politics in expanding postwar California.

Both Mike Freesmith and Hank Moore were older than their years. Hank, the son of an itinerant Jewish salesman, had learned to play poker in hotel rooms, taking money away from men three times his age; and in a Los Angeles high school the cold and calculating Mike had concluded that everyone is scared. Mike soon also added his second principle: everyone hates. By playing on fear and hatred Mike figured that he could drive people as a work dog runs a flock of sheep.

It is the character of Mike Freesmith which carries the weight of this novel. He is a formidable character, drawn with knowledge and force. The same Mike who bullies his friends in high school bullies his history instructor at Stanford intellectually until that Medieval specialist is forced to resign. He outwits the Stanford psychologists, traps a girl into paying his way through college, wades through the violence of war, and heads for the arena of politics when the war is over.

The novel has a big scope—school and college, politics and medicine, war and peace—and always a lively sense of the hot, bright, hectic California scene. It also has considerable violence, some of it valid and some gratuitous—as in the suicide from the Golden Gate Bridge and the hoodlums on the beach at Santa Monica.

But there are times when this novel seems bent on providing shock rather than enlightenment. And the character of Mike Freesmith is drawn with too much consistency. The portrait fills out but it does not develop. Mike the shrewd and cynical campaign manager of his more adult years is credible, but the undergraduate Mike, baiting and confounding his betters, is less believable than the hungry Hank Moore who is cramming his stomach with food and his mind with comparative anatomy.

In the final action Hank Moore, fearful and despairing of his closest friend, brings to a decisive end the story of a man on the make. This action, like much else in the novel, breaks over a reader like the wave itself. But, unhappily, it loses its grip as quickly and the reader's conviction does not last.

—WALTER HAVIGHURST.

FRANCISCAN'S MEMORIES: Bruce Marshall's **"Girl in May"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3) presents his readers with a bit of nostalgia, wherein a Catholic bishop harks back to his student days at St. Andrews. In 1917 Duncan Soutar was a candidate for orders in the Episcopal Church, and the swain of a girl named Bumpie. Against the persuasive dialectic of a golfing wizard who is known as the Frisky Franciscan neither Bumpie nor the Episcopalians have much of a chance of hanging on to Soutar. But the years—which had changed the bishop's heart and faith—have not dimmed the bittersweet memories which are the pretext for Mr. Marshall's sentimental excursion.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: **4, 15, 1, 3, 8, 16, 5, 20, 7, 18, 14, 2, 11, 17, 6, 13, 10, 9, 19, 12.**

Politics

Continued from page 20

central question of administrative power in our complex society has not been well solved by anyone, and that moralistic denunciations of one party or the other for crimes which both, by their very nature, are virtually compelled to commit do not get us very far.

I do not know how the future historian will regard the Truman Administration. But the appearance of these books is strong evidence for the proposition that he will give it a major role in his account of our times.

MISTER BIG: Not all of the vast power that attaches to being President of the United States (and that accounts, incidentally, for the enthusiasm engendered by his quadrennial selection) was actually written into the job description in the Constitution. Much of it developed later in response to pressures of unusual circumstances or unusual personalities.

In **"The Presidency Today"** (New York University Press, $3) Edward S. Corwin and Louis W. Koenig have sketched this continuing evolution in the character of the nation's number-one job, and end up with several current recommendations: reorganizing the Cabinet to include legislative leaders; authorizing this new Cabinet (on the constitutional issue posed by Mr. Eisenhower's heart attack) to determine when a President is "disabled"; and, for what strikes this reviewer as highly cogent if not too widely circulated reasons, opposing the clamor for a major overhaul of our Electoral College machinery.

—SAMUEL S. STRATTON.

Campaign Bookshelf

THE 1956 Presidential year is still young, but already there has been a shower of political books—the passionate defenses, the violent denunciations, and those which try to keep everyone happy by hitting along the middle of the road. Here are notes on a dozen that have already been reviewed in these pages.

In a year like this the office of the President commands a new look and in **"The American Presidency"** (clothbound, Harcourt, Brace, $2.95; paperbound, Signet, 35¢) Clinton Rossiter gives a scholarly explanation of the office and a survey of the duties of the man who holds this rather loosely defined position.

Past elections have provided a num-

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ber of authors with grist for their own particular mills. Samuel Lubbell in **"The Revolt of the Moderates"** (Harper, $3.75) undertakes to set forth the strong trends in America today as evidenced by the votes cast in the 1952 elections. In his book **"Through These Men"** (Harper, $4) John Mason Brown, with the liberal's eye to both parties, has also discussed the election campaign, the political conventions, as well as many participants in the political circus four years ago. A new force in American politics, the public-relations specialist, is analyzed by Stanley Kelley in **"Professional Public Relations and Political Power"** (Johns Hopkins, $4.50), which surveys the growing importance of mass media influences upon the voter.

Of the Eisenhower books published this year Richard H. Rovere's **"Affairs of State: The Eisenhower Years"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.50) is a provocative review of the Washington scene with perceptive glimpses into the life of the President and the men who surround him. Merlo J. Pusey's **"Eisenhower the President"** (Macmillan, $3.75) is also an appraisal of Eisenhower as Chief Executive as well as an informative history of the present Administration, this in highly friendly fashion. *The New York Herald Tribune*'s White House correspondent, Robert J. Donovan, has given an inside report of the events on Capitol Hill during this present Administration in **"Eisenhower: the Inside Story"** (Harper, $4.50).

The second-in-command, Richard M. Nixon, has his own share of complimentary biographies. Ralph de Toledano in **"Nixon"** (Holt, $3) traces the Vice President's career from California boyhood to a high seat on Capitol Hill. **"This Is Nixon,"** by James Keogh (Putnam, $2.75), offers a generous helping of Nixon's speeches as well as an assessment of the man.

More speeches and articles by Adlai Stevenson have been collected into a book called **"What I Think"** (Harper, $3). In a special introduction Mr. Stevenson defends responsible political criticism in a democratic society. Adlai is also the subject of a book of reminiscences by his sister, Elizabeth Stevenson Ives, who has collaborated with Hildegard Dolson on **"My Brother Adlai"** (Morrow, $4) described on the dust jacket as "an affectionate portrait of a distinguished American."

And, finally as the political pot approaches the boiling point, there are many things to tickle the ribs in **"I'd Rather Be President"** by Charles Ellis, Jr. and Frank Weit, (Simon & Schuster, $2.95), a book about the more harrowing moments of campaigning amusingly illustrated by cartoonist Walt Kelly.—ROLLENE WATERMAN.

The Book-of-the-Month Club selection for July

"Should arouse a thunderstorm which will, it is to be hoped, leave the air a good deal clearer."—*Basil Davenport, Book-of-the-Month Club News*

GOODBYE TO UNCLE TOM

J. C. FURNAS

A clear, balanced view of the past, present, and probable future of the American Negro, particularly valuable now, when the Supreme Court's decision on "separate-but-equal" education reverberates throughout the country. "He is vigorous and uninhibited. He has handled his subject very well indeed. It is a fine job."—*Carleton S. Coon. Illustrated. At all bookstores, $6.00*

WILLIAM SLOANE ASSOCIATES

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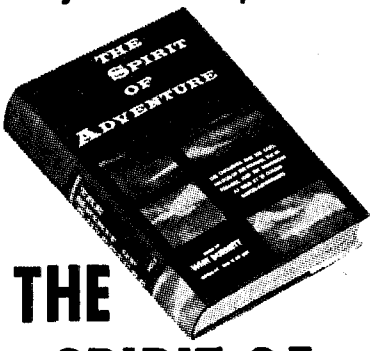

THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

Edited by Whit Burnett

An anthology of man's challenge and conquest of the world around him, in the true stories and fiction of the world's greatest writers — Thor Heyerdahl, Maurice Herzog, Osa Johnson, Isak Dinesen, Joseph Conrad, Graham Greene, Herman Melville, and 31 others.

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HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, N. Y. 17

"A most intelligent, brilliantly written and thought-provoking interpretation of Europe's 19th century international relations and diplomatic history." —HANS KOHN

FROM Vienna TO Versailles

By L. C. B. SEAMAN

"A crisp and challenging re-examination of major European developments in politics and diplomacy from 1815 to 1920."—GEOFFREY BRUUN

"The best short book now existing on 19th century history."—*Manchester Guardian*

$3.50 *at all bookstores*

Coward-McCann

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Books for the Holiday

Continued from page 14

charted island. A novel by the author of "The Devil Rides Outside." (Tinkle.)

ROLL BACK THE SKY. *By Ward Taylor. Henry Holt.* $3.95.
The war novels are still appearing, and this one tells of a bomber crew based on Saipan and of their experiences of combat fatigue, hysteria, and various other wartime phenomena. (McManis.)

THE STORIES OF LIAM O'FLAHERTY. *Devin-Adair.* $5.
A collection of Irish short stories from the pen of the author of "Famine" and "The Informer," the great majority of these having to do with the theme of nature's triumph over man. (Wyllie.)

A THING OF BEAUTY. *By A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown,* $4.
The story of Stephen Desmonde, who forsook the life of a professional Christian for a life as a painter. (Herzberg.)

THE UNQUIET SPIRIT. *By Marguerite Steen. Doubleday.* $3.75.
Lord Whittenham (a character who is also known as "Buffer" in this novel) spends a British, witch-haunted week-end with an old school friend and tells the tale from hindsight. (Snajdr.)

VARVARA. *By Dennis Parry. Reynal & Co.* $3.50.
A potent dish about a girl who finds herself transplanted from the wilds of Turkestan to the proprieties of Mayfair and who still manages to stay true to her wilder impulses. (Yeiser.)

A WREATH FOR UDOMO. *By Peter Abrahams. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.95.
The story of a Negro African who leaves his London girl to work for his race through a terrorist movement. (Molyneaux.)

General

EIGHT VOTES

MINORITY REPORT: H. L. Mencken's Notebooks. *Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.95.
Some last brickbats from the Sage of Baltimore, these dealing with (or more accurately, against) organized religion, professional philosophers, and other modern phenomena. (Cady, Cross, Flowers, Hogan, O'Neill, Perkin, John K. Sherman, Wyllie.)

OLYMPIO: The Life of Victor Hugo. *By André Maurois. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Harper.* $5.95.
M. Maurois, whose biography of George Sand was published in 1953 under the title of "Lelia," has now turned to the man who, as poet, novelist, and statesman, typified the Romantic Age of France. (Bradley, Hass, Hogan, Molyneaux, Morrissey, John K. Sherman, Smith, Tinkle.)

SEVEN VOTES

GOODBYE TO UNCLE TOM. *By J. C. Furnas. William Sloane.* $6.
A scholarly debunking of the stereotyped kind of thought that caused Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to be taken so seriously that it helped to start a war. (Bradley, Cross, Cady, Herzberg, Hogan, Kogan, Snajdr.)

RING LARDNER. *By Donald Elder. Doubleday.* $4.75.
Mr. Elder has tried to do for his old friend Ring Lardner what Arthur Mizener did for another old Lardner friend, F. Scott Fitzgerald, in "The Far Side of Paradise." (Bradley, Cady, Dolbier, Herzberg, O'Neill, Snajdr, Wyllie.)

Good Mysteries for Summer

THE END OF THE TRACK. By Andrew Garve. Harper. $2.75.
MYSTERY STORIES. By Stanley Ellin. Simon & Schuster. $2.75.
RICH MAN, DEAD MAN. By Hillary Waugh. Crime Club. $2.75.
KISS HER GOODBYE. By Wade Miller. Lion Library. Paperbound, 35¢.
THE NINTH HOUR. By Ben Benson. Mill-Morrow. $3.
THE MAN OF TWO TRIBES. By Arthur W. Upfield. Crime Club. $2.75.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

FOUR VOTES

RUSSIAN JOURNEY. *By William O. Douglas. Doubleday.* $4.50.
A personal travel record of Justice Douglas's recent trip through the USSR, and especially of his considered opinions on that country's competitive attitude toward the rest of the world. (Bond, Cross, Nordell, John K. Sherman.)

THREE VOTES

THE AGE OF THE FIGHTING SAIL. *By C. S. Forester. Doubleday.* $5.75.
The whole story of the Navy's part in the War of 1812. To be published July 4. (Barkham, Flowers, Nordell.)

BERNARD SHAW. HIS LIFE, WORK, AND FRIENDS. *By St. John Ervine. William Morrow.* $7.50.
Being a biography of a well-known and lately deceased dramatist, together with some insight into Shaw's childhood environment, religion, politics, friends, and other interesting Shavian affairs. To be published Sept. 19. (Barkham, Cady, Flowers.)

IN SEARCH OF HERESY: American Literature in the Age of Conformity. *By John W. Aldridge. McGraw-Hill.* $4.
A collection of ten essays highly critical of current writers, critics, and the conditions under which they work (Hass, Perkin, Yeiser.)

MARIANNE THORNTON. *By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace.* $5.
The author's first venture into biography tells the life story of his great-aunt, whose life spanned the years from George III to Victoria. (Dolbier, Hass, Smith.)

TWO VOTES

THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY. *By Zechariah Chafee, Jr. J. B. Lippincott.* $5.
A substantial inquiry into some curtailments of liberty which have become evident in recent Congressional investigations. (Bond, Nordell.)

DEBUSSY: Musician of France. *By Victor Seroff. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $6.50.
A substantial biography of (and a substantial study of the music of) the composer Debussy which, in addition, discusses the interesting question of why his music became sterile and he himself creatively dependent after the triumph of his middle years. (Morrissey, John K. Sherman.)

GRAY FOX. *By Burke Davis. Rinehart,* $6.
A new one-volume life of Robert E. Lee which tries to separate the man from the myth. (Cady, Hass.)

THE POWER ELITE. *By C. Wright Mills. Oxford University Press.* $6.
Professor Mills has divided the country's elite into these types: the Celebrities, the Politicians, the Military, the Corporation Executives, and the Big Rich; and he has made a substantial analysis of their habits and their influences in an attempt to clear up the sociology of the U.S. today. (Cross, O'Neill.)

THE RAVEN AND THE WHALE. *By Perry Miller. Harcourt, Brace.* $6.75.
All about Herman Melville and about the literary cliques in the New York of his day; and of how, according to the author, these cliques kept "Moby Dick" from being considered as a candidate for the title of "Great American Novel." (Dolbier, Smith.)

TRANSFORMATION OF MAN. *By Lewis Mumford. Harper.* $3.50.
The author of "Technics and Civilization" is still convinced that man can develop his highest human potentialities by means of his technological as well as his spiritual resources. (Perkin, Smith.)

ONE VOTE

AT HOME IN INDIA. *By Cynthia Bowles. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.
All about India as seen by the teen-age daughter of a former U.S. Ambassador to that country who entered the Delhi Public School, made friends with her Indian classmates, and tried very hard to get to know the place. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

BELLEVUE IS MY HOME. *By Salvatore R. Cutolo, M.D. Doubleday.* $4.
A bouquet for a famous New York hospital (whose psychiatric ward, it turns out, is only one-eighteenth part of its floorplan), tossed (with some help in the writing) by a doctor on its staff who is largely concerned with that institution's social-service work. (Hogan.)

THE BIRTH OF BRITAIN: A History of the English Speaking Peoples: *By Sir Winston S. Churchill. Dodd, Mead.* $6.
The opening gun of a projected four-volume history of the English-speaking world by a well-known speaker of English. (McManis.)

BLESSED ARE THE DEBONAIR. *By Margaret Case Harriman. Rinehart.* $3.75.
A joy ride through the past on the part of a lady who grew up among the celebrities of the Hotel Algonquin and who herewith records her meetings as a small girl in the elevator with such well-known names as John Barrymore, Douglas Fairbanks, Clare Boothe Luce, and others. To be published July 30. (Morrissey.)

THE CHANGING UNIVERSE. *By John Pfeiffer. Random House.* $4.75.
Things have gotten to the point where the "new" astronomers are no longer observing light waves through optical telescopes; they are listening to radio waves from far more distant galaxies, and Mr. Pfeiffer has set down some of their discoveries about this "new" universe. (Nordell.)

EISENHOWER'S SIX GREAT DECISIONS. *By Walter Bedell Smith. Longmans, Green.* $3.95.
All about the former Supreme Commander's military strategies during World War II, as recorded by his Chief of Staff. (O'Neill.)

EVE AMONG THE PURITANS. *By Eleanor Ellis Perkins. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.50.
A biography of the lady named Lucy Fitch Perkins, a Puritanical Midwesterner whose series of children's books about some fictional twins (who got from Norway to India to other places in several dozen volumes) have provided the publishers of this biography with a steady income for many, many years now. (Bond.)

GOOD BEHAVIOUR. *By Harold Nicholson. Doubleday.* $4.
A history of manners through the ages, with special reference to Britain during the past four centuries. (Yeiser.)

THE twenty-four critics who participated in *SR's* eighth summer book poll are:

JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *Providence Journal*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark Evening & Sunday News*
WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun Times*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
ROBERT MOLYNEAUX, *Pittsburgh Press*
RALPH MORRISSEY, *Nashville Tennessean*
ROD NORDELL, *Christian Science Monitor*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
ROBERT L. PERKIN, *Denver Rocky Mountain News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

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THE HEART HAS ITS REASONS: The Memoirs of the Duchess of Windsor. *David McKay.* $5.
The highly-publicized memoirs of the lady known as Wally, Duchess of Windsor. To be published Sept. 28 (Kogan.)

AN HISTORIAN'S APPROACH TO RELIGION. *By Arnold Toynbee. Oxford University Press.* $5.
In working on his monumental "A Study of History" Professor Toynbee found that the subject of religion was at the center of his picture of human affairs, and in this new volume he has written an analysis of twentieth-century Western attitudes toward that central subject. To be published Sept. 6. (Barkham.)

A HISTORY OF ROME. *By Moses Hadas. Anchor Books. Paperbound,* 95¢.
Ancient history, from the origins of Rome to 529 A.D, as assembled from the writings of Livy, Julius Caesar, Polybius, Tacitus, Suetonius, Dio Cassius, and others—the whole having been assembled, translated, and nicely linked together by a professor of Greek and Latin at Columbia University. (Dolbier.)

EISENHOWER, THE INSIDE STORY. *By Robert J. Donovan. Harper.* $4.50.
Being a purportedly "unvarnished" report (but in an election year) on the present Administration and on who said what and what was decided in conferences, committees, Cabinet sessions, historic dinners, and other interesting places, the whole having been set down by the White House correspondent of *The New York Herald Tribune.* (Kogan.)

HOW TO TRAVEL WITH PARENTS. *By Eloise Barrangon. Dial Press.* $3.
This one purports to be a child's uninhibited record of how she managed her parents on a trip which the whole family took across the U.S. Sample observation of parental behavior: "It is never a good idea to take parents for granted; as soon as you think you have them pigeon-holed, they fly off like wild geese or go into the love-dance of the whooping cranes." (Molyneaux.)

THE LAST OF THE CONQUISTADORS—JUNÍPERO SERRA. *By Omer Englebert. Harcourt, Brace.* $6.
A biography of the Franciscan priest who is credited with being one of the two founding fathers of the state of California, written by a present-day Franciscan abbé. (Perkin.)

THE LONG WALK. *By Slavomir Rawicz as told to Ronald Downing. Harper.* $3.50.
Being the true story of a Polish convict (the charges of spying against Russia had been trumped-up against him) and of how he, together with six fellow convicts and later a girl) escaped from Siberia and tried to find sanctuary in another country. (Molyneaux.)

MAUDE ADAMS: An Intimate Portrait. *By Phyllis Robbins. Putnam.* $5.
A biography of the great lady of the stage by a woman who knew her well. (Bond.)

H. L. MENCKEN: A Portrait from Memory. *By Charles Angoff. Thomas Yoseloff.* $3.95.
A profile of the old Mencken of the old *American Mercury* by a writer who knew him then. **(Snajdr.)**

MONTMARTRE. *By Pierre Courthion. Skira Art Books.* $6.50.
Or the first volume of a new profusely illustrated series on "Famous Places as Seen by Great Painters." (John K. Sherman.)

NAUGHT FOR YOUR COMFORT. *By Father Trevor Huddleston. Doubleday.* $3.75.
A crusade against the racial policy of the South African Government, written by the Anglican priest of an African parish in Johannesburg. (Bond.)

OF LAW AND MEN. *By Felix Frankfurter. Harcourt, Brace.* $6.75.
The collected papers of a U.S. Supreme Court Associate Justice, the whole of them being divided into sections on "Law and the Judicial Process," "The Judicial Process in Action," and "Directions of American Democracy." (O'Neill.)

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN I. *By Vincent Sheean. Simon & Schuster.* $5.
A biography of an impresario who, among other accomplishments, made and lost fortunes by building numerous opera houses. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

A SHORT TROT WITH A CULTURED MIND. *By Patrick Campbell. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95.
A collection of essays by an Irish funny fellow who discusses such pertinent matters as "A Crate of Flying Figs," "Brünnhilde" (who, he says, was really Wotan's uncle), the archetypal game of Knees-Knees, etc., etc. (Hass.)

THE SINGING WILDERNESS. *By Sigard F. Olson. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.
A philosophical and poetical appreciation of the land northwest of Lake Superior by a man who has lived there all his life. (Bradley.)

SONG OF AMERICA. *By George M. Mardikian. McGraw-Hill.* $4.50.
The autobiography of an Armenian who arrived in the United States at the age of eighteen and in time became one of the country's leading restaurateurs. (Hogan.)

SOUVENIR. *By Margaret Truman, with Margaret Cousins. McGraw-Hill.* $3.95.
The reminiscences of the daughter of the former President. (Herzberg.)

TECUMSEH: Vision of Glory. *By Glenn Tucker. Bobbs-Merrill.* $5.
A biography of an Indian chief who dreamed of a confederacy of Indian tribes and who, says the author, was not pushed into war with the U.S. by the British in Canada, no matter what other historians say. (Cady.)

THIS IS OUR WORLD. *By Louis Fischer. Harper.* $5.
A veteran foreign correspondent's survey of what is going on today in the peripheral arc that stretches along the borders of the Soviet empire from the North Sea of Japan. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR CHILD'S READING. *By Sam Duker and Thomas Nally. Crown Publishers.* $3.
Two educators, having read and radically disagreed with the best-selling "Why Johnny Can't Read," herewith set down their arguments against that book and their contention (with examples in an attempt to prove it) that today's methods of teaching children to read are better than ever. (Herzberg.)

A VOLUME OF PEOPLE. *Edited by Geoffrey Grigson and Charles Harvard Gibbs-Smith. Hawthorn Books.* $10.
Thumbnail biographies of 444 famous men of history, ranging alphabetically from Lord Acton (English historian) to Francisco de Zurbaran (Spanish painter). (Morrissey.)

WILDERNESS FOR SALE. *By Walter Havighurst. Hastings House.* $4.50.
Of William Henry Harrison, Daniel Boone, Johnny Appleseed, and of fictitious advertisements, legends, history, and fact—all of whom or which played their part in wheedling from the Indians those fifty million acres which once comprised the Ohio Territory. A fourth volume in the 'American Procession Series.' (McManis.)

WINGLESS VICTORY. *By Frances Winwar. Harper.* $5.
A biography of the Italian poet, playwright, novelist, and political adventurer D'Annunzio, whose eventful amatory career crossed the fabulous Eleanora Duse's. (Thomas B. Sherman.)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CYRPT NO. 678

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 678 will be found in the next issue.

B GROJ OFJUMRFROZ

RO MPJ LRQOM

BMMQRDKMJ WL B

NWWH FQRMRF.

—TBZJO QKOOJXX XWGJXX.

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Behavior in the American Movies

Continued from page 10

and psychological premises—no accident, since it was adapted from Drieser's "An American Tragedy," which in turn was inspired by an actual criminal tragedy.

More along the lines of standard treatment is "Slightly Scarlet," an RKO film with Rhonda Fleming and Arlene Dahl. Miss Fleming is seen as an expensively dressed and groomed girl employed as secretary of a rich and prominent businessman. On her secretary's wages, and with no signs of other income, she manages to live in a $50,000 house (from the looks of it), drive a spanking-new convertible, dress in clothes that might put Grace Kelly to shame, and apply all the latest California-style decorative features to her home, patio, and large-sized swimming pool. One might be pardoned, then, for assuming she is being kept by the businessman. But just in case any of us does take such a dim view there is provided an illuminating scene between Miss Fleming and her employer. He tells her he loves her and pleads with her to marry him. But Miss Fleming has standards. She informs her employer that she can't marry him because she doesn't love him. Obviously she is just a girl of excellent character with a fantastic ability to make ends meet.

AT THE present moment Hollywood is faced with a clearcut revolt in its audience. We won't go to see merely any movie that happens to be showing at a local theatre (that sort of thing can be seen at home on TV), and we have been throwing support towards those movies that bear a resemblance to reality. Such movies as "The Rains of Ranchipur," while decked out with CinemaScope, handsome color, and multi-dimensional sound, are proving financial disappointments. In this movie a beautiful, passionate woman (Lana Turner) has come to India with her husband. It is made clear through dialogue that the woman is rich, contemptuous of her mate, and used to doing exactly as she pleases, which includes doing what she pleases with men. We are *told* this, not shown it. She is soon madly attracted to a handsome Indian doctor, and after several reels must realize that his work, the building of a "new" India, is more important to him than she is.

The spectacle of a man giving up this glittering woman—and she, in turn, relinquishing this attractive man—should have struck some sparks. But something is missing, and whatever is missing makes the scenes between them utterly banal. Is it perhaps that we are never, for a moment, shown any real indication of their passion for each other? It takes the danger of a suddenly encountered cobra to throw them into each others' arms, from which they quickly draw apart. A little later it is hinted (delicately) that they are having an affair. But whatever is happening is happening far from camera range. All strong feelings in the movie are under firm control. Hollywood in this case appears to be relying on a conditioned-reflex: Lana Turner dilating her nostrils equals sex. If you do not happen to be aware that Lana Turner's nostrils *a priori* equal sex you are only able to observe that the relationships in the movie are remarkably pallid. Passion *to be believed in* must be felt. This does not mean that a man and woman need be shown climbing into bed, but if the plot calls for it the director ought at least to head them in that direction. It is unlikely that many members of the audience would panic.

To avoid coming to grips with the bed-climbing bit Hollywood has developed a set of pictorial symbols. These, presumably, are to fool the censors, while the audience is kept informed of what is really going on. Unfortunately, while they may help in understanding the plot, they seldom contribute to the dramatic effect. Through the years the dissolve and the fadeout have hinted about what happens after the scene in which the man looks longingly into the girl's eyes. It has been referred to as "the nine-months-later" technique. Directors have gone in for guttering candles, rain coursing down bedroom windows, smoldering logs suddenly blazing up in fireplaces, waves dashing towards shore and crashing on the beach (in some recent movies the lovers have been shown on the same beach), and fireworks filling the sky at indicative moments. See "To Catch a Thief," in which the latter is used by Hitchcock for parody purposes. See "Summertime," in which the same symbol is used more seriously. In "Not As a Stranger" a stallion rears up and whinnies as Robert Mitchum responds to the provocative glance of Gloria Grahame. But "Mr. Kramer was not trying to get around a taboo," said an associate of his about this scene. "He was trying to be artistic." Hum . . .

While Hollywood finds it all but impossible to portray love meaningfully, it nevertheless strives to inject "sexiness" into its movies. After all, everybody's interested in sex, and wants to observe it and philosophize about it, in addition to other things; if Kinsey is correct only a minority of American young people enter into marriage in anything resembling the virgin condition. This, then, is the ticket-buying audience, and Hollywood has given them the Hollywood Siren—the woman who simply by existing, or at most sprawling on a rug or sauntering up a street—is supposed to imply all the vigorous, kaleidoscopic possibilities of human sexuality, past and present.

The search for these women is never-ending. When they are found they are likely to seem like caricatures out of some evil little boy's imagination. Was there ever such a woman as Hollywood made of Marlene Dietrich? And not Hollywood alone, but the entire press of the country has made Marilyn Monroe into an animated pin-up, to be looked at, perhaps laughed at, and certainly whistled at. An influential segment of Hollywood still regards a wiggle of the hips as talent, and an oversized bust line as box-office. Girls can be outfitted in these qualities almost as readily as wardrobes designed for them. A large staff of technicians at each studio labors daily to style hair, eyebrows, lips, breasts, flanks, and buttocks. If massage and diet fail to streamline the more buxom stars and starlets there are ingenious corsets that can minimize what are regarded as figure defects. Of course, most stars and starlets come to look like each other. Only when a star becomes important may she do something very daring and be photographed as she really looks. This used to be known as "I'm a mess" type of role.

One Hollywood writer, best kept nameless, said: "The individual attitudes toward sex, love, and marriage of the studio heads are discernibly reflected in the pictures and stars emanating from their lots. Most producers know what the Boss likes and dislikes. So that, in a sense, the writer is limited to the studio head's prejudices. Audrey Hepburn personi-

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fies, perhaps, Don Hartman's feelings about women. Rita Hayworth is an expression of something in Harry Cohn. Grace Kelly is a product of Dore Schary's regime at Metro. And it was L. B. Mayer who gave us the Lana Turner-Ava Gardner type of female."

The good-bad girl has provided another kind of plot pattern. At first we saw her appearing to be bad (appearances that were most of the time deceiving) but winding up good. But in "Gaby," for instance, she begins good, becomes bad for a time (for good reason), and eventually winds up truly good—after much suffering. In "The Proud and the Profane" Deborah Kerr is a young war widow who runs afoul of an unscrupulous Marine colonel. He seduces her, gets her with child, and then reveals he has been married all along. Both the parties emerge damaged, but still in shape to marry.

The above movie provides an example of the good-bad man, another Hollywood type. Marlon Brando plays him frequently, and he was done to comic effect by Frank Sinatra in "The Tender Trap." Here Sinatra played a bachelor who seemed happy and content with the constant stream of girls who ran through his apartment (and presumably his arms—although this is only vaguely suggested), but who finally married the good little girl who through her honesty, virtue, and sincere love cleared the bachelor girls out. In Hollywood the love of a good woman invariably triumphs over obstacles, and even in the reasonably realistic "Not As a Stranger" Olivia de Havilland holds on to her marriage, although her husband hadn't loved her to begin with. One way movie marriages survive is through the woman's turning into a wife-mother figure; she provides a haven for the man when fortune has gone against him, or when his inadequacies are revealed. See "Autumn Leaves," as an example. It is not difficult to see behind the facade of the good-bad man the hurt little boy seeking someone to mother him. This pattern, by the way, seems more and more emergent in Hollywood movies.

THE administration of the Production Code is a form of censorship, albeit a weak one, and in legal terminology it might well amount to prior restraint, as some lawyers have charged. But the existence of the Code and its administration does provide a bulwark against outside censorship (often ineffectual anyway, it might be noted) and also helps protect the conscientious producer against the bad taste of the cynical film-maker who might otherwise trade on the li-

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cense allowed him to make vulgar movies. As it works now it is the Code administration that suggests or asks for changes in movie scripts. Many writers and directors regard this administration as useful and protective. It frees them from excessive worry about state, local, and foreign censorship, and from such quasi-censorship groups as the Catholic Legion of Decency. The Legion is regarded as powerful because it has an effect at the exhibition, and thus the box-office, level. It provides four classifications for films: A-1 (suitable for the entire family); A-2 (suitable for adults); B (objectionable in part for everyone); C (condemned). The more serious and adventurous producers have long ago given up striving for the A ratings. They'll settle for a B, not regarded as economically harmful.

The Legion is said to be involved in many cases where changes have been made in finished movies. Studio executives sometimes seek out the Legion's advice, and cuts are made according to "suggestions." When these suggestions are concurred with a higher Legion rating usually results. A graphic illustration of this procedure is to be found in a lengthy letter to *The New York Times* written by Elia Kazan after several cuts were made in his movie "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Among more recent movies condemned by the Legion were "I Am a Camera," "The Moon Is Blue," "Game of Love," and "Letters from My Windmill." Liberally distributed B ratings went to "Forbidden Games," "From Here to Eternity," "Moulin Rouge," and "Deep Blue Sea." A B rating is sometimes tantamount with unusually high artistic quality or mature content. The following films were given an A-1 rating, or an absolutely clean bill of health: "Abbott and Costello Meet the Keystone Cops," "Cannibal Attack," "Chief Crazy Horse," "Daddy Long Legs," "Francis in the Navy," and "Revenge of the Creature." The C rating generally leads to some legal hassling here and there, some picketing by the American Legion and other groups, but when "The Moon Is Blue" received a C there was little or no damage to the box-office. Even though stigmatized with the denial of a Code seal as well it went on to a domestic gross of $4,000,000.

Thus it would seem that the assertion of freedom of expression for movies is largely up to the industry itself. "Perhaps," said a screenwriter, "we need someone to tell us, 'Try it. Don't play it safe. What have you got to lose?'

"Do you know what could happen?" he went on. "There'd be motion pictures in which: a married man would have an affair with his secretary and return to his wife with his marriage enriched; a husband and wife would quarrel, get a divorce, their friends would conspire to get them together again, and it wouldn't work, because the couple genuinely disliked each other; an unmarried woman would fall in love with a man, live with him for two years, and leave him because she'd met someone else, and the left-behind lover would go out and celebrate with his friends because he'd been tiring of her; a married man would visit a call-girl one night and nothing—but absolutely nothing, not even pangs of conscience—would happen later; a married couple would decide they didn't want children, and they wouldn't have any, and they'd be quite happy; a fortune hunter would have a choice between a lovely but poor young girl and a bitchy, but rich heiress, and he would marry the heiress, fadeout, the end; a doctor would give up his small-town practice to become a Park Avenue doctor, meet a rich girl, build up a lucrative practice, never go back to the home-town, and become one hell of a happy man. The possibilities are endless!" As endless as life, sir.

To Break a Mirror

By Donald Hall

"MIRROR, mirror, on the wall,
Who is Donald Andrew Hall?"

"All I give is what I get.
My utterance is in your debt."

"Mirror, mirror, tell no lies.
Reveal the image in your eyes."

"Self-knowledge is a rare disease.
These words, Donald, are vanity's."

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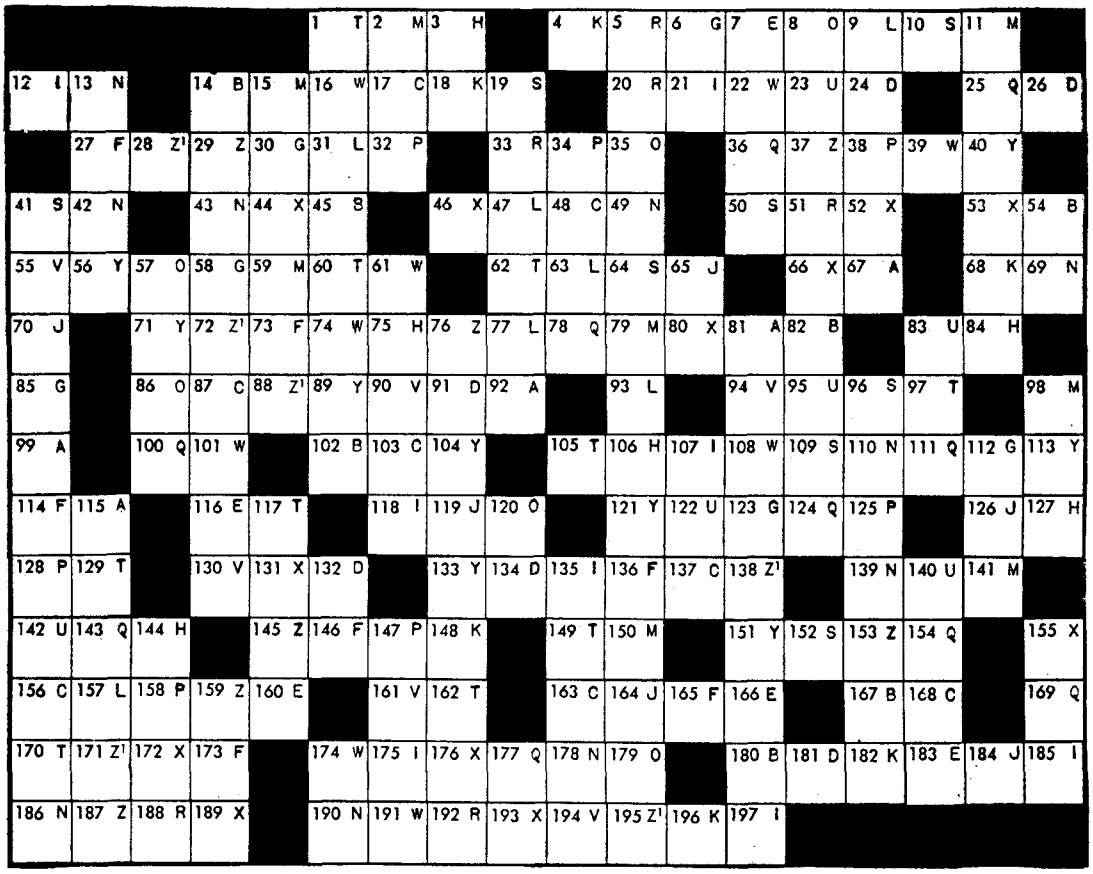
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Slang for silly, gullible.	115 81 99 67 92
B. Without a survivor.	45 54 180 167 82 14 102
C. At a precise point in time or accuracy (colloq.; 3 wds.).	87 48 168 103 17 137 156 163
D. Marked by a high degree of excitement; up-to-the-minute (comp.).	91 26 132 181 134 24
E. Arthritic in a certain way.	7 116 183 166 160
F. Class of territories of which East Pakistan is an example.	136 114 27 173 165 73 146
G. Islamic teacher.	123 6 30 58 85 112
H. German town where Gutenberg established his press, 1465.	144 106 84 3 75 127
I. Occupy living quarters together (2 wds.).	197 12 107 135 175 21 118 185
J. Place of the palace of the Escurial among Wonders of the World.	70 126 184 164 65 119
K. Kipling's word for caked tobacco ash; to keep apart by thimbles, as in glost firing.	18 182 148 68 4 196
L. To state by particulars.	47 9 63 157 93 77 31
M. Canada mines which produce 85 per cent of the world's asbestos.	28 2 59 79 150 15 11 141
N. Said of a garment partly conforming to the human shape (comp.).	69 139 190 13 42 110 43 186 178 49
O. Specious but fallacious argument.	35 57 120 179 86 8
P. Devised cleverly.	147 125 34 128 38 158 32
Q. Meat dish of the Middle East, popular in the U.S. (2 wds.).	111 36 124 169 143 177 154 25 78 109
R. Time of decline.	5 192 33 188 20 51
S. Fragrant pink and white flower, named expressively (2 wds., the shorter form).	19 50 109 96 152 41 64 10
T. Said of a member of an executive group or of certain musical notes (3 wds.).	149 60 62 170 97 162 1 129 117 105
U. Mowgli's real name.	140 95 142 23 83 122
V. One name the Assyrians called the Hittites.	55 194 130 90 94 161
W. Wisconsin county where some famous cheeses originate.	39 108 61 174 22 191 16 74 101
X. One of the greatest Italian artists, who wrote many lyric poems; surname Buonarroti.	46 80 155 44 53 172 176 131 193 52 189 66
Y. Different from most of its kind.	104 133 121 56 89 151 40 113 71
Z. Reverent; submissive.	159 153 145 76 187 37 29
Z¹. Tuber of tropical Spanish America, eaten like yams or potatoes.	138 28 88 195 72 171

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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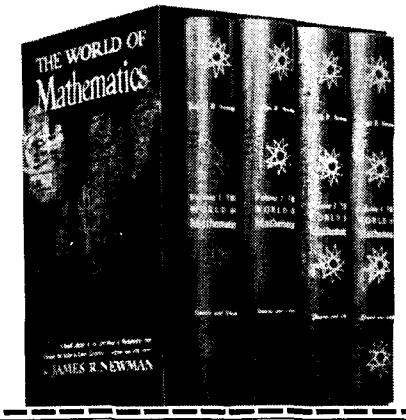

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